

Negaunee City  
LIBRARY

*Notice to Reader.*

When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers at the front.  
No Wrapping—No Address.  
A. S. BURLERSON, Postmaster General.

# THE DIAL

*A Fortnightly Journal of*  
CRITICISM AND DISCUSSION OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Volume LXIV.  
No. 760.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 14, 1918

15 cts. a copy.  
\$2. a year.

## IN THIS ISSUE

### Unromantic War

By ROBERT HERRICK

### Trotsky, A Doubtful Ally

By HAROLD STEARNS



"From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the Net is Spread"—President Wilson in his Flag Day Address, June, 1917

## Just Published

THE NEW BOOK BY

André  
Chéradame

# The United States and Pan-Germania

*A warning to America by the author of "The Pan-German Plot Unmasked." A revelation of Germany's long-laid scheme for the mastery of the world.*

"M. Chéradame speaks with the voice of western European authority, and not as the scribes who think their dreams truth because of their engaging forms of rhetoric. It is a long, hard, uphill road that he points out; but it must be traversed to the end, lest world betrayal follow failure."

—Philadelphia North American

With Maps



\$1.00 Net

Charles Scribner's Sons

Fifth Avenue, New York

*A comprehensive view of the war to date, showing the conditions governing our part in the war and outlining the strategy of the past and the possible strategy of the future.*

## UNDER FOUR FLAGS FOR FRANCE

By CAPTAIN GEORGE CLARKE MUSGRAVE

front. He tells the story of the struggle up to the present time in a way that makes clear the job ahead of our men and the chief obstacles before them. While the book is instructive in purpose it is a human and comprehensive story of the heroism of the allied forces in Belgium and France. With 12 illustrations from photographs and 8 valuable maps, Small 8vo. \$2.00 net.

*A National Service Hand Book of  
Woman's Work in War*

## AMERICAN WOMEN and the WORLD WAR

By IDA CLYDE CLARKE

What women have done, are doing, and can do to help win the war. The only authoritative volume covering the work of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense; what the government expects of the women; the accomplishments of the various state organizations and of more than 100 war relief organizations; the work of the Red Cross and the activities of all the great women's organizations. With name, headquarters and officers of all National and State organizations. Small 8vo. \$2.00 net.

### *Timely Books on Vital Questions*

## Principles of Ocean Transportation

By EMORY R. JOHNSON, Ph.D., Sc.D. and  
GROVER G. HUEBNER, Ph.D.

Includes all the principal changes that have occurred recently concerning ocean transportation. Illustrated 8vo. \$2.50 net.

## The Regulation of Railways

*Including a Discussion of Government  
Ownership Versus Government Control*

By SAMUEL O. DUNN

The only book dealing with the railway situation as a result of the recent war measures. \$1.75 net.

## Principles Governing the Retirement of Public Employees

By LEWIS MERIAM

An analysis of the administrative, financial, economic and social problems involved. 8vo. \$2.75 net.

For a thorough understanding of the activities of the American Expeditionary Forces, it is essential that the results of the last three years be considered. Captain Musgrave, who knows the American Army in peace and in war, tells in this book precisely what they will contend with on the Western

*A record of all the essential up-to-the-minute knowledge and events of the past year.*

## THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK

Edited by FRANCIS G. WICKWARE

Everything of importance that has happened during the year in every field of human activity is recorded, classified and arranged for instant reference. The things that affect you, your business, your home life, the entire living and thought of the world are presented completely, interestingly and authoritatively. A full record of the big things of the biggest year in the history of the world. 900 pages, fully indexed, Cloth \$3.00 net.

## Wheatless and Meatless Days

By PAULINE DUNWELL PARTRIDGE and  
HESTER MARTHA CONKLIN

A timely handbook of use to housewives who wish to economize and observe Mr. Hoover's suggestions for meatless and wheatless days each week. Only practical menus which can be used by the average family are included. \$1.25 net.

**THESE are APPLETON BOOKS** D. Appleton & Company  
Publishers New York

# THE DIAL



VOLUME LXIV

No. 760

FEBRUARY 14, 1918

## CONTENTS

UNROMANTIC WAR . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> . . . . .	133
EDWARD THOMAS . . . . .	<i>Edward Garnett</i> . . . . .	135
THE STRUCTURE OF LASTING PEACE . . . . .	<i>H. M. Kallen</i> . . . . .	137
DISTANCE . . . . . <i>Verse</i> . . . . .	<i>Babette Deutsch</i> . . . . .	140
OUR PARIS LETTER . . . . .	<i>Robert Dell</i> . . . . .	141
TROTZKY, A DOUBTFUL ALLY . . . . .	<i>Harold Stearns</i> . . . . .	143
WHY A POET SHOULD NEVER BE EDUCATED . . . . .	<i>Louis Untermeyer</i> . . . . .	145
LINCOLN IN BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS . . . . .	<i>L. E. Robinson</i> . . . . .	148
QUADRANGLES PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS . . . . .	<i>Randolph Bourne</i> . . . . .	151
"LABOR, RIGHT OR WRONG" . . . . .	<i>Charles A. Beard</i> . . . . .	152
A NOVEL WITH A PLOT . . . . .	<i>Myron R. Williams</i> . . . . .	153
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS . . . . .		155
Trivia.—Rookie Rhymes.—Reclaiming the Arid West.—Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis.—My Story.—The Cruise of the Corwin.—The National Budget System and American Finance.—Chatham's Colonial Policy.—Co-operative Marketing.—The Book of the West Indies.		
CASUAL COMMENT . . . . .		158
COMMUNICATION . . . . .		160
A Literary Middle English Reader.		
NOTES AND NEWS . . . . .		161
LIST OF NEW BOOKS . . . . .		163

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN, *Editor*

*Contributing Editors*

HAROLD E. STEARNS, *Associate*

CONRAD AIKEN  
RANDOLPH BOURNE  
WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

VAN WYCK BROOKS  
PADRAIC COLUM  
HENRY B. FULLER

H. M. KALLEN  
KENNETH MACGOWAN  
JOHN E. ROBINSON

THE DIAL (founded in 1880 by Francis F. Browne) is published fortnightly, twenty-four times a year. Yearly subscription \$3.00 in advance, in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Foreign subscriptions \$3.50 per year.

Entered as Second-class matter Oct. 3, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1918, by THE DIAL Publishing Company, Inc.

Published by THE DIAL Publishing Company, Martyn Johnson, President; Willard C. Kitchel, Secretary-Treasurer, at 608 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

(NEW THIRD EDITION)

*May Sinclair's New Novel***THE TREE OF HEAVEN***By the author of "The Three Sisters," etc.*

"A work of extraordinary power, ranking assuredly among the novels of our time which will make a lasting mark upon literature and human thought and life."—*N. Y. Tribune.* \$1.60

**VISCOUNT MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS****By JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M.**

"John Morley's 'Recollections' is one of the most important works of our time. Everybody should read it."—*William Lyon Phelps.*

*Two Volumes, \$7.50***THE CHRONICLES OF SAINT TID****By EDEN PHILLPOTTS**

New stories of Devon and the west country by the author of "Old Delabole" and "Brunel's Tower." *Ready in February*

**THE HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1862 TO 1914****By LUCIUS HUDSON HOLT and ALEXANDER WHEELER CHILTON**

A narrative of the military and diplomatic history of Europe from the beginning of the chancellorship of Bismarck to the outbreak of the great war in 1914. \$2.00

**THE FOUNDATIONS OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY****By RICHARD T. ELY, RALPH H. HESS, CHARLES K. LEITH, and THOMAS NIXON CARVER**

The permanent causes of the Wealth of Nations. \$2.00

**INCOME TAX, LAW AND ACCOUNTING****By GODFREY N. NELSON**

A book for corporations, individuals and accountants based upon the latest rulings of the Treasury Department. \$2.50

**WAR TIME CONTROL OF INDUSTRY****By HOWARD L. GRAY**

A clear interpretation of English government control. *Ready Feb. 13*

**TWO CHILDREN IN OLD PARIS****By GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER**

The true account of a winter spent by two American girls in Paris, in the days of peace. *Illus. Pub. Feb. 13*

**THE FAT OF THE LAND****By JOHN W. STREETER**

A popular account of the practices of the most progressive farmers of today and the methods of modern, scientific agriculture. *New Ed., \$1.50*

**THREE ACRES AND LIBERTY****By BOLTON HALL**

A thoroughly revised and wholly reset edition of this standard "back to the farm" book. *With new illus., \$1.75*

**THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY****By EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS**

An inspired analysis of the war's effect upon our social philosophy and upon the future of democracy. \$1.25

**AMERICA AMONG THE NATIONS****By H. H. POWERS**

A brilliant discussion of American imperial development; an interpretation of our relation to foreign nations in terms of the great geographical, biological and psychic forces which shape national destiny. \$1.50

**THE OLD FRONT LINE****By JOHN MASEFIELD**

"What Mr. Masefield in print did for the Gallipoli campaign he does here for the campaign in France. The new work measures up to the standard set by its companion both in vital interest and in literary quality."—*Philadelphia North American.* \$1.00

**THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WOODROW WILSON****By EDGAR E. ROBINSON and VICTOR J. WEST**

A narrative and explanation of the policy followed by President Wilson in dealing with the diplomatic crises of the war. \$1.75

**HILL TRACKS****By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON**

A new volume of poems by the author of "Daily Bread," "Battle," etc. \$1.75

**A WAR NURSE'S DIARY**

The author has been "over the top" in the fullest sense. She tells of her unusual experiences in a gripping and vivid fashion. *Ready Feb. 13*

**INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION****By RHETA CHILDE DORR**

A vivid first-hand account of the great revolution and its significance. \$1.50

**EVERYDAY FOODS IN WAR TIME****By MARY SWARTZ ROSE**

What to eat in order to save wheat, meat, sugar and fats, and to make out an acceptable menu without excessive cost. \$0.75

**THE RECORD OF A QUAKER CONSCIENCE:****CYRUS PRINGLE'S DIARY**

With an Introduction by Rufus M. Jones. The personal diary of a young Quaker, who was drafted for service in the Union Army in 1863. *Ready in Feb.*

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York**

When writing to advertisers please mention THE DIAL.



# THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

## Unromantic War

When I first read Barbusse's "Le Feu," now more than a year ago, I knew it for what it is—the most searching, the most revealing statement of what modern war means both morally and physically. The book has all those intimate signs of truth that carry immediate conviction even to him who has had no personal experience with which to corroborate its record (as all vital literature convinces—as Dostoevsky or Gorky convince millions who know nothing personally about Russia and Russians). I have read many books, private as well as published diaries, which attempt to reveal what men suffer and endure in this most hateful of all wars. Not one of them—and there are many honest revelations, unaffected, simple, and sincere efforts to put into words the meaning of this monstrous calamity—has approached "Le Feu" in perception, in sheer capacity for truth. Nothing since heard or read has effaced its stinging impression. Others deal with familiar surfaces, with personal and incomplete reactions, often noble and sensitive, humorous and philosophical; but Barbusse gives the thing itself—War.

I sent the book to soldier friends, asked many others, "What do you think of 'Le Feu'?" The invariable answer was, "That's it—War! He's got it all in." Grimly, taciturnly, as soldiers speak of the bitter mystery into which fate has plunged them. The book began to go, enormously, among soldiers, also among civilians. It soon ran into the tens of thousands in the French editions before the attention of Americans was gained for it by an English translation, supplanting in popularity such journalistic triviality as "Gaspard." Civilian comment on Barbusse's book was less direct, often given with a reserve, almost a resentment, even where the praise was loud enough for its extraordinary "literary strength"—as if its author should be punished for violating

the decencies and reticencies of our civilization. So I came to regard a man's judgment upon this single book as a kind of test of his soul, especially of the civilian soul—of its ability and its willingness to face the truth, to understand War. I put my question to every sort of Frenchman whom I met, in order to sound the civilian temper *en derrière*, for that after all must ultimately determine the destiny of the terrific conflict. The sentimentalist, I found—the incorrigible middle class romanticist, who can never swallow life without some sugar coating—condemns Barbusse because he has sternly torn away the last shreds of illusion from the horrid business. "It is not fine," the literary person complained. (I am thinking of a cultivated French professor.) "It is not Art," he said. (O sacred Art, how many petty cowardices shelter beneath thy mystic robe!) "It is like Zola—all dirt and horrors, no 'relief' . . . Not the whole truth . . . Without that elevation of spirit which art requires . . . Without the sense of beauty . . ." And so on according to the chatter of the pretty-pretty school of literature. The raw truths which we moderns must face do not fit these politer canons of the old world. We are creating new ones to hold a new wine.

What the literary person thinks counts for little. There is another sort of objection to "Le Feu," which carries more weight. "The book does not show a good spirit"—this from a serious minded, patriotic Frenchman engaged in the work of propaganda. His is a political, a patriotic, a moral condemnation of the picture of War as presented in "Le Feu." Barbusse has shown us soldiers, not only as dirty and unidealistic, degraded by the occupation to which they are condemned, but also as too obviously the blind sport of life—human sacrifices of human society, killing and being killed in a war that

is insanity, whose origin and conclusion they cannot affect. A recent letter in the New York "Times" contains the same objection to the book. Barbusse, the correspondent charges, is a pacifist in disguise, preaching an "insidious propaganda" against War! He has failed to present the stereotyped poilus dying with "La France" on their lips, a smile on their faces. Instead he has shown that unforgettable company of civilian soldiers awaiting quietly in the gray morning the order to attack, each one fully conscious of what lies beyond the parapet: "These are men, not heroes," he says of them. Which is the higher heroism?

Of course Barbusse is a "pacifist," if that wretched word means anything after all the mishandling it has received by patriots. If a disgust for the insanity and the inhumanity of War, a steady perception of its futilities and its crimes, means "pacifism," I think there must be some millions of such "pacifists" on the European battle fronts. All the intelligent soldiers and officers whom I have met are pacifists in this sense—heroic and militant pacifists—and it is from them that hope for the world must be born again. For they know War, and knowing it they hate it. They know how War is conducted, the full stupidity of it. They suspect how wars are bred and do not believe in their inevitability. It is the warriors *en derrière*—some of them women—who have any illusions about the glory of mass slaughter, and some of the journalists, statesmen, business men, who run the war machine from behind and often run it very badly. Those who know best what it is like abhor its every aspect: many of them are fighting with the splendid faith that they are giving their lives to end War, not just this war. And others are dying with splendid resignation, in the hope that somehow their sacrifice may serve against the evil of the world. They are fighting pacifists, if you like—than whom there can be no braver fighters.

Indeed, what Barbusse believes and what the person who thinks in terms of newspaper and politician formulæ cannot see, is that War is most of all an awful process of religious conversion through

which the minds of all men will be awakened to the recognition of supreme sin. It must drag on its dreary, blood-stained course until all whose selfish, thoughtless conduct in times of peace, all grasping and power-loving statesmen, journalists, business men, indifferents, have received sufficient vision to recognize their errors, which cause wars. Until, as Prince Lvoff so nobly and sadly said, "Europe—and the world—has accomplished a new soul."

That new soul will hardly be achieved while we lie to ourselves about War, even from the highest literary or patriotic motives. What the French novelist has courageously perceived, all of us must be brought to see and accept. Humanity is on the way—there are sure signs even in Germany—to this great realization. Those who for self-interest or cowardice or mistaken zeal would conceal or disguise any least particle of essential truth about the War are hindering the coming of the day of our final release. The most lamentable immediate effect of War upon human psychology is the tendency to cover up, conceal, distort the truth, for one or another of innumerable specious reasons. To the stupidity of military censorship, which is fit subject only for opera bouffe, we add the misguided zeal of propagandists and self-appointed guardians of national morale, who serve out the Truth to the public in homeopathic doses, tardily, and agreeably disguised. To this fatal tendency toward obscurantism must be attributed, among other things, the slow awakening of our own country to the crisis upon us.

Why Prussianize our minds? With the fatal example of Germany before us, of a people in blinders to whom after three and a half years of War the first gleams of truth are slowly penetrating, why do we imitate the very vice that we are combating in our foes? Why do we admit that "there are things which must not be said" in public? Barbusse's soldiers—filthy, desperate, subjected to infamous degradations—suffer without seeking to evade their fate, for a cause in which every one of us has his personal responsibility. Why, then, can we not look steadily at the truth about War?

ROBERT HERRICK.

## *Edward Thomas*

In the war, we have lost, among thousands of young men of high intellectual gifts, a few whose literary talent has been recognized to the full, as Rupert Brooke's; but the sorest loss to English literature is that of Edward Thomas, poet and critic, born March 3, 1878, killed in the Battle of Arras April 9, 1917. The general public has, I believe, heard of "The South Country" (1909), "Rest and Unrest" (1910), "Light and Twilight" (1911), the "Life of Richard Jefferies" (1909), "The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans" (1913), the five books most steeped in Thomas's beautiful characteristic quality. Thomas wrote many books, for, marrying early, he had to support his young family by miscellaneous literary work and constant reviewing. In youth he was fascinated by the work of Richard Jefferies, our great nature writer, whose essays and romances, abounding in the joy of life, are saturated with passionate feeling for the magic and abundance of nature; and some years before he died Thomas repaid his debt by the "Life of Richard Jefferies," one of the most perfect biographies in the language. In the first chapter, a preliminary survey of the Wiltshire down lands, Jefferies's native place, Thomas shows that he himself is a poet richly dowered with observation and imaginative insight into the great pageant of rural life under the open sky. It has been said that Thomas was not sufficiently himself in his nature books, and this is true of such early work as "The Woodland Life" (1897) and "The Heart of England" (1912), but the few passages in "The South Country" which recall Jefferies's example one would not alter. The writer has perfected his own manner of recording what he sees and feels, and his discipleship is now bearing its spiritual fruit.

Thomas's rare individuality, however, found its most perfect expression in his exquisite prose sketches, "Rest and Unrest" (1910) and "Light and Twilight" (1911), and I believe that his claim to high, permanent rank rests on these little books. ("Rose-Acre Papers"—1910—a reprint from some early essays,

is too self-consciously "literary" in style to rank with them.)

We have heard a good deal about Celtic magic in literature since Matthew Arnold's famous article appeared, but without denying the claims of other men, I think Edward Thomas a finer example of the Celtic sense of beauty than any of the young Irish school. Thomas, though born and reared in England, was of Welsh blood on the paternal side, and in his spiritual affinities he harked back to the old ruling caste which speaks to us in literature through the "Mabinogion" and the poems of Daveth Ab-Gwyllyam. Extremely fastidious, diffident, and proud, Thomas by his reticence and fine reservations of feeling rather chilled the common man. His sensitive self-consciousness did him no good with editors, who, busy mortals, were as incapable as their public of appreciating the unique quality of his imaginative sketches. To his intimates Thomas's quiet, cool irony, his proud delicacy of feeling, his shy hauteur wafted an atmosphere as refreshing as a mountain stream's or a spring birch grove's in the Welsh mountains. A fresh chastity of spirit, a nobility of strain (he had a touch of Spanish blood), an aloofness from everything mediocre in human affairs, preserved his nature from the least touch of worldliness. Poet and scholar, however, as Thomas was, he had a keen eye for men and manners and when he wished he could get into touch with homely people and enjoy, none better, whatever is racily human. His noble head, his tall figure, and sensitive bearing often attracted people's eyes, but of this he was unconscious. His temperamental melancholy and a touch of hypochondria he combated by long, solitary walking-tours in the south of England and Wales, where he found fresh material for his nature books and prose sketches.

But how is one to depict the spiritual essence of Thomas's work? I shall not speak here of his critical studies of Swinburne, Pater, Maeterlinck, and George Borrow, which, highly individual in insight, are perhaps sometimes marked by



judgments of too fastidious severity. As a critic of poetry Thomas particularly excelled, and I may mention here that a posthumous volume of his poems is shortly to appear. Some remarkable specimens given in "An Annual of New Poetry" (1917) are as new a departure in English verse as was Mr. Robert Frost's "North of Boston" in American verse. But whatever may be the verdict on his poetry, Thomas was essentially a poet, thinly disguised, in his imaginative prose sketches, as in "The Flower Gatherer," "Home," "Mothers and Sons," "Olwen," and, indeed, in the scores of others that make up "Rest and Unrest" and "Light and Twilight." In these little volumes he shows he is master of English, pure, limpid, delicate and for clear beauty of imagery and sensitive grace of contour he rivals even W. H. Hudson.

To Thomas, a poet, a thing betrays its spiritual origins. And his descriptions relate a thing seen to the main stream of human activities, to which it is as a drop in a sentient ocean. Thus "A Group of Statuary"—a haunting description of a group of broken men with heads bowed in weary apathy, seated in a hot, dusty London Square—contrasts this human wastage, cast aside by industrialism's hurrying wheels, with the dull indifference of the passers-by, to whom this sight brings neither wonder nor pity. The civilization that bears an abundance of such malformed fruit is indicted by the writer's grave detachment. But the shades of Thomas's reflective irony here are too fine for more than one in twenty readers to grasp their deep import. This sketch, "A Group of Statuary," came to my memory the other day on a journey by train which carried me through the six-mile breadth of mean streets, huge factories, dirty tenements, wharves, warehouses, and workshops of East London, lying under their dreary pall of dusty smoke. I reflected that probably not a score of people among these millions of workers had ever heard of Thomas or read a line of his writings. Yet "Light and Twilight" and "Rest and Unrest" will be read as classics when all this mass of dirty brick and mortar and frowning stone

and iron has passed away to the scrap heap. So powerful is the written word and the spirit of beauty! And to Thomas beauty was no cult of æstheticism cloistered or divorced from reality, but the simple love of whatever is gracious, pure, precious in human feeling, and of all that purges the spirit and awakens it to joy in the earth and in nature's activities. His finest prose sprang from direct contemplation of the old-world hills and valleys, the coasts and streams, the woods and fields and pastures from which the inhabitants of the monstrous modern towns have, in one generation or another, severed themselves. And this strange, incongruous spectacle of the new and the old life in the country and the towns, pushing from roots interlaced in our British soil, arrested Thomas's imagination. With what perfection Thomas captured the essential character of a landscape and its inhabitants is shown in "Mothers and Sons," a sketch, cunningly exact, of a South Wales mining village where all the horrors of raw industrialism, crude, glaring, and greedy, are seen at work, swallowing up the quiet simplicity of an old-world parish with its three or four farms, watermills, the chapel in the ancient oak wood, and scattered cottages in the brambly lanes. And Thomas was no sentimentalist. The realities of the old life and the new are shown in the chat of wise Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Owen, and the virtues of the mining folk shine forth in this picture of a Welsh family's hospitality and homely kindliness. In a companion sketch, "A Cottage Door," Thomas sums up, in his poetic apostrophe, the contradictions in this "demon of humanity" which is "hideous and beautiful, cruel in ignorance, recking not what it is making, as it squats there upon the earth. It is old but it is a babe. It would be noble but it must be vile." "Home," this beautiful vision of the Welsh countryside, conveys a truer sense of the wild character, the strange beauty of Wales in her fierceness and her antique melancholy, than any other passage I have met in literature. For a study of character, read "Sunday Afternoon," where the spirit of a narrow-minded, exacting, steely-natured woman, Mrs. Wilkins, dreadful in her hard virtue



and intense unimaginativeness, is explored. We give unstinted praise to the great Russian realists for the spiritual truth of their pictures of life; but the sketches I have cited, and others, such as "Olwen," "The Attempt," "The First of Spring," vie in delicacy of perception and poetic insight with Turgenev's "A Sportsman's Sketches." Thomas, too, shows that he has grasped with unerring intuition the evasive secrets of human life. Thomas, however, rarely treats a man's character at full length. He is too subjective, too introspective a writer to do more than sketch the figures of men and women seen in their appropriate atmosphere. As a poet he is more intent on observing and recording the beauty of life as it mirrors itself in the calm glass of his imagination. "July," the description of two lovers lost in the stream of their mutual joy as they wander hand in hand through the forest, is very characteristic of the brooding depth of his thought—human joy is shown here in the waning light of nature's mutability. As "poetical," but more characteristically Welsh in

romantic feeling, are the beautiful "Winter Music," "The Castle of Lostormelyn," "Snow and Sand," "The Queen of the Waste Lands," and "Maiden's Wood." The extreme subtlety of Thomas's thought, his apprehension of the finest shades of those mysterious sensations which declare the unity of all life and the oneness of time and eternity, is expressed with consummate felicity in "The Fountain," "The Queen of the Waste Lands," and "Winter Music." That such perfect poems in prose are so little known to our public is a reflection on the intelligence of our critics. I did not myself, I fear, ever fully express to Thomas my appreciation of these exquisite achievements. Now he lies in his grave in France and his own epitaph he has written in one of these sketches:

In that company I had learned that I am something which no fortune can touch, whether I be soon to die or long years away. Things will happen which will trample and pierce, but I shall go on, something that is here and there like the wind, something unconquerable, something not to be separated from the dark earth and the light sky, a strong citizen of infinity and eternity. I knew that I could not do without the Infinite, nor the Infinite without me.

EDWARD GARNETT.

## *The Structure of Lasting Peace*

### IX.

#### THE FEDERALIZATION OF SOVEREIGN STATES: A PRECEDENT NOT ACCORDING TO INTERNATIONAL LAW

The thirteen original British colonies in America, united against the aggressive exploitation of the British government, differed in one fundamental respect from the free states today in alliance against Germany: they had no "problems of nationality." By and large, they were of one blood, one language, and one legal and political tradition. That this did not prevent bitter quarrels and even warfare among them is only another evidence that nationality, even when sovereign, is not the antidote to warfare its contemporary protagonists assert it is. Men go to war from other motives as well, and the phenomenon of two states of the same nationality at each other's throats is not so infrequent in history that it may be ignored. Members of the thirteen colonies were at each other's throats for a

variety of reasons, religious and economic, and it was only the menace of a common enemy that at first drew and held them together. They came together as "sovereign and independent states," reluctantly, strongly suspicious of one another and inclined to act each in its own behalf. To meet an enemy strong, well armed, and well supplied, they had to provide an army with all that an army needs for effective effort in the field. And they had to create this provision out of practically nothing at all, to secure the very finances with which to create. From the beginning each state held to its right to perform its share of this work for itself and as it chose, without regard for, or any attempt at coöperation with, the other states. From the beginning each state failed to do its proper share, out of fear, largely, that it

might be doing more than its share; and each state, correspondingly, complained of the inefficiency of the central authority, the Continental Congress. But the Congress was in effect a consulting and advisory body, becoming negligible through inaction, and doomed to inaction because it was without real power. The war, indeed, was not truly one war but many wars, and the remoter states were colder to the issues and conditions of the conflict than those at its seat. These issues and conditions were the inevitable ones of finance, of the control of the food-supply, of the army commissariat. The lack of common action and unified authority on these points caused untold suffering to the soldiers and indefinitely prolonged the struggle.

To secure the necessary unity the Congress had discussed for a year and finally submitted to the legislatures of the states articles of a confederation without which the war could not successfully be carried on. These articles did not win final ratification till 1781. They were accompanied by a circular letter the following extract from which is relevant:

The business [of unification], equally intricate and important, has in its progress been attended with uncommon embarrassments and delay, which the most anxious solicitude and persevering diligence could not prevent. To form a permanent union, accommodated to the opinion and wishes of the delegates of so many states differing in habits, produce, commerce, and internal police, was found to be a work with which nothing but time and reflection, *conspiring with a disposition to conciliate* [italics mine] could mature and accomplish.

Hardly is it to be expected that any plan, in the variety of provisions essential to our union, should exactly correspond with the maxims and political views of every particular state. Let it be remarked that, after the most careful inquiry and the fullest information, this is proposed as the best which could be adapted to the circumstances of all, and as that alone which affords any tolerable prospect of general satisfaction.

The Articles of Confederation were primarily a war measure, designed to make the efforts of many sovereign states effective against one common enemy. They were by second intention an instrument of security between the states themselves, designed to maintain lasting peace between them and to strengthen each with all and all with each. They provided therefore that the states were to retain all un-

delegated sovereignty; that they were to constitute an absolute military unity against the enemy assaulting any one of them; that the citizens of one, moving to another, were to receive equal treatment with the citizens of that other; that each should have equal authority with the others, large or small, on the basis of one state, one vote; that no state might enter into special relations with another, or with a foreign power, except by general consent; that no state might ordain a tariff at cross-purposes with the general interest; that Congress alone, representing the general interest, might determine the armament of each state; that no state might go to war except by general consent; that hence treaties, alliances, the making of war and peace were to be the functions of Congress; that Congress was to be the "last resort on appeal on all differences now subsisting or that hereafter may arise between two or more states concerning boundary, jurisdiction, or any other cause whatsoever." Its proceedings were to be publicly recorded in a journal to be kept for that purpose. The Articles provided, please observe, for all the contingencies that liberal opinion finds it desirable to guard against in the relations between contemporary states. They are a programme of internationalism. Under them the Revolutionary War dragged out to a successful conclusion. But with the coming of peace the force of the international authority, of the Congress they provided for, lapsed altogether. The states reverted to their aboriginal sovereignty, and worse. The central authority carried an enormous burden of debt, the states were destitute, the country disorganized. Patriotism, that is, local loyalties of the peoples to their different state governments, was intense.

The mutual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans, their difference of governments, habitudes, and manners [wrote Josiah Tucker] indicate that they will have no center of union and no common interest. They can never be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever; a disunited people till the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths or principalities, according to natural boundaries, by great bays of the sea, and by vast rivers, lakes, and ranges of mountains.

Add dynastic and national interests, and the description absolutely dots the present and future of both the powers within the democratic alliance and those opposed to it.

But the Dean of Gloucester was mistaken. The situation he described, the unnecessary length and hardship of the war, the horrible civil blunders never would have arisen at all if the Articles of Confederation had made Congress truly authoritative and had provided it with power to enforce its ordinances. Its power unfortunately was like that of the Hague Tribunal, purely advisory: "They may declare everything," wrote Justice Story, "but can do nothing." Only the presence of the common enemy kept Congress in force during the war. With the coming of peace, not only did its power tend to lapse; it was scorned, and the several states treated it with the suspicion due an encroaching foreigner. "The Confederation was," according to J. Q. Adams, "perhaps as closely knit together as it was possible that such a form of polity could be grappled; but it was matured by the State Legislatures *without consultation with the people* [the italics are mine] and the jealousy of sectional collisions and the distrust of all delegation of power, stamped every feature of the work with inefficiency." Mr. Adams hit upon the very heart of the difficulty. The Confederation was a thing made by statesmen and diplomats. Reputable though they were, their mere authority could not win for it the allegiance of the masses, and without that it could have no force. Had the masses been instructed by discussion and analysis, and had public opinion been awakened to reinforce the obviously wise programme, the history of these United States would have been otherwise written.

Because public opinion had not been roused, the removal of enemy pressure was followed by a reversion to pre-war conditions, aggravated by the disabling consequences of the war. The separate states at once began to act upon the traditional principle that a government's safety depends upon its own strength and its neighbors' weakness. Tariff war began almost immediately. Various ententes

and alliances were initiated. Massachusetts tried to detach the other New England states into a separate union. New York went to war with Vermont, which had declared its independence of New Hampshire, over the strip of Vermont settled by New Yorkers and paying taxes to New York. Maryland and Virginia organized a sort of zollverein which Delaware and Pennsylvania were later invited to join. It did seem as if the threatened distintegration of the Confederation were inevitable. One thing held it together and kept for Congress such authority as remained to it. This was the public domain. Prior to the confederation the various states had held or claimed enormous reaches of territory, stretching to the Mississippi or beyond. (These territories correspond to the colonial possessions of today's warring states.) Maryland's refusal to confederate until all the holdings of the states should be surrendered to the common authority compelled the pooling of these lands, and the lands pooled thereupon became the national domain. The domain constituted a tangible obvious interstate interest and was in effect the cornerstone of the Union.

At the same time, the best minds in all of the states—not those in Congress but those that had the respect of the masses—were agitated by the difficulties of the situation. The problems that needed adjustment were precisely those that so largely need adjustment today, the problems of international commerce and finance, of the common highways of trade, of tariffs, of undeveloped territories. Their solution, it was recognized, required an *effective* easement upon the exclusive sovereignty of each state. The initiation of the Maryland-Virginia zollverein was an attempt at such an easement with respect to a vital matter, analogous in contemporary Europe to the internationalization of the Danube. The movement to include all the states in an extension of this arrangement led to the Constitutional Convention, an "assembly of demigods" that owed its existence as much to the self-sacrifice and initiative of the non-administrative leaders of political

thought in the country as to the action of the state legislatures. These leaders created the Constitution and with it the United States of America.

Now there are many strictures to be made upon the Constitution. It is undoubtedly the instrument of the conservers of the powers and privileges of property, as Charles Beard says it is. And it is deserving of all the other objections that have been leveled at it. Nevertheless, it has designated for the states that have put themselves under its rule the structure of lasting peace. That it did not do so absolutely, that in spite of it we underwent a Civil War, is acknowledged. Had the framers of the Constitution been more

courageously true to their convictions, that disaster need not have befallen us. But with respect to the elimination of basic causes of war between nations the Constitution is definitive.

In this definitiveness it does not, however, surpass the Articles of Confederation. Those delimit more precisely the possibilities within the will and the effective reach of mankind today. Add to them the necessary power to enforce this common will, and you have provided, not absolute insurance against war, but a structure that will progressively make war less and less likely. For all beginnings force is the needful thing.

H. M. KALLEN.

### *Distance*

Two pale old men  
Sit by a squalid window playing chess.  
The heavy air and the shrill cries  
Beyond the sheltering pane are less  
To them than roof-blockaded skies.  
Life flowing past them:  
Women with gay eyes,  
Resurgent voices, and the noise  
Of peddlers showing urgent wares,  
Leaves their dark peace unchanged.  
They are innocent  
Of the street clamor as young children bent  
Absorbed over their toys.  
The old heads nod;  
A parchment-colored hand  
Hovers above the intricate dim board.  
And patient schemes are woven, where they sit  
So still,  
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent skill.  
And when a point is scored  
A flickering jest  
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is raised  
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.  
Heedless as happy children, or maybe  
Lovers creating their own solitude,  
Or worn philosophers, content to brood  
On an intangible reality.  
Shut in an ideal universe,  
Within their darkened window-frame  
They ponder on their moves, rehearse  
The old designs,  
Two rusty skull-caps bowed  
Above an endless game.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.



### *Our Paris Letter*

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The "Fait de la Semaine" (Grasset, Paris) is a periodical of which each number is a complete pamphlet on a given subject. The idea is an excellent one since it enables an important question to be treated much more fully than it could be treated within the limits of a review article. Recently the subjects have often been not only important ones but also ones about which the public is least informed. Number Three, for instance, was entitled "Ce qu'un Français doit savoir des Etats-Unis" and was the joint production of four authors: MM. Emile Boutroux, Jules Lepain, Firmin-Roz, and Mr. W. Morton-Fullerton. Most people in France know very little about America; the only type of American with whom they have come into contact or of whom they know something by repute is the multi-millionaire—for the humbler tourist is known chiefly to hotel-keepers—and their conception of the American people is consequently not very accurate. An account of America, its institutions, its people, and its leading characteristics, was therefore useful and timely. Now that Paris and certain other localities in France are full of the American army and its auxiliary services, the French public is acquiring a personal knowledge even more valuable, which cannot but strengthen the traditional ties of friendship between the two peoples.

Another country about which we talk a great deal just now, but of which most of us know nothing, is Russia. It is with Russia that the issue of the "Fait de la Semaine" of December 22 (Number Nine) deals. Its title is "Perdons-nous la Russie?" and its author is M. Marcel Sembat, one of the leading members of the Socialist party in the Chamber of Deputies, who with M. Jules Guesde entered the first war Cabinet, formed by M. Viviani on August 26, 1914 when von Kluck was marching on Paris, and who was also a member of the first Briand Ministry, which succeeded to the Viviani Ministry on October 29, 1915 and remained in office for about fourteen months.

M. Sembat remarks that it is very difficult for Frenchmen—and that is equally true of other foreigners except those belonging to Slav peoples—to get a real knowledge of Russia, for their ignorance of the Russian language prevents them from coming into direct and intimate con-

tact with the Russian people. Nevertheless, he says, M. Albert Thomas, M. Emile Vandervelde, M. Moutet, M. Laffon, and M. Marcel Cachin, who have all visited Russia since the revolution, all succeeded in penetrating below the surface and getting into touch with the proletariat. M. Cachin, in particular, discovered why the Germans gained so strong a hold in Russia. We are accustomed, says M. Sembat, to think of the Germans as having played the parts in Russia of spies, courtiers, government officials, and even generals; but it was not their intervention in this respect that gave them their influence before the war. As M. Cachin discovered, the secret of their influence was that they had also been the educators of the Russians. At Moscow M. Cachin was entertained most hospitably by some charming Russians, devoted to France, but he noticed that all their furniture was in the Munich style and he could not help remarking upon it. His hosts, after a moment's hesitation, explained that whereas the French were hardly seen in Russia, the Germans had been the constant educators of the Russians. There was a French colony at Moscow of from 1,000 to 1,200, but the German colony before the war numbered about 100,000. At the great Moscow Coöperative, which has millions of members all over the country, M. Cachin heard the same story. It was the German coöperator, Muller of Hamburg, who came to start the institution and teach the Russians how to run it, and the first managers were Germans. "We are their pupils," said the Moscow coöperators; "how can we help being grateful to them?"

This discovery made a profound impression on M. Cachin and, as M. Sembat says, it provides matter for reflection; the preponderant German influence in Italy was, he adds, due to exactly the same reasons. I myself remember an Italian friend's lamenting to me some five or six years ago that it was almost impossible to attract English capital into Italy, in spite of the marvelous openings there. We prefer the English to the Germans, he said, but the English will neither settle in Italy for business purposes nor invest in Italian enterprises and the Germans do both; the result is that the Germans control a large proportion of Italian commerce and industry. Instead of denouncing the Germans for their industry and enterprise, it would have been wiser on our part to imitate them.

The success of the Maximalists is attributed

by M. Sembat to three causes: the desire of the Russian people for men of action, their fear of the restoration of the Czardom by a military coup d'état, their longing for peace. Kerensky came to grief because he did not act, and his government ceased to have any support in the country; it fell so easily because nobody cared to defend it. The Korniloff attempt, which so large a proportion of the French and English press foolishly supported, aroused the fear of a Czarist restoration; Kerensky was more or less compromised in it and the people were driven into the arms of the extremists, who became the saviors of the revolution. Above all, the Maximalists triumphed because they promised peace. Not that the Russian people had the least desire to make a separate peace or to desert the Allies; it wished to go on defending Russia against the invaders, but it also wished that there should be general peace negotiations while the war continued. All the official declarations of the Soviets prove that. In M. Sembat's opinion it is the mistaken policy of the Allies that has driven the Russians into separate negotiations with the Central Empires. Another mistake was the refusal to permit the Stockholm conference, which would have had the immense advantage of not compromising the governments, since the Socialists alone would have taken part in it, at their own risk and peril, and they could subsequently have been disowned, if necessary, by their respective governments. M. Sembat urges that the mistake should be immediately rectified so far as it can be at the eleventh hour. The only hope of keeping Russia in the Alliance is to get into contact at once with the men that have the power in Russia, and only Socialists can do that with any hope of success. The French government has made use of Catholics in Spain, very rightly since it was the Catholic party in that country that was Pro-German; why should it not make use of Socialists in Russia? If the objection is the fear of increasing the importance of the Socialist party, it is a very petty one. Perhaps the recent courageous attitude of the British Labor Party has somewhat mitigated that objection.

This extremely able and interesting pamphlet comes at an opportune moment, for the Russian situation occupies much of our attention. Naturally, popular feeling in France is very strong against the Russians. France was dragged into the war by fidelity to the Russian alliance and it is felt to be very hard that Russia should now

leave France in the lurch. Natural as that feeling is, it is not altogether just and M. Sembat's wise remarks may help to modify it. He treats his serious and thorny subject with that lightness of touch that is characteristic of him; the pamphlet is full of wit and of tact. His dexterity in skating over thin ice is marvelous. This apparently almost frivolous way of dealing with a grave question does not in the least detract from the value of the pamphlet; on the contrary, it merely makes it eminently readable. There is a certain intellectual affinity between M. Sembat and Mr. Bernard Shaw; dull people think that neither of them is serious and complain of their tendency to paradox, as if the most profound truths were not expressed in paradox. One of the greatest of living Frenchmen once said to me that he could not stand anybody that had not a touch of the paradoxical.

It is a long time since we had a new play by M. de Porto-Riche, one of the most accomplished and interesting of contemporary French dramatists, and we had pleasant anticipations of "*Le Marchand d'Estampes*," recently produced at the Athénée theatre. But the reality was rather a disappointment, for the play is not equal to its author's best work. Of course, it is admirably written, for M. de Porto-Riche could not write otherwise than well; it is also undoubtedly interesting, but it is not entirely convincing. It is the story of a print-dealer, who has been wounded at the front and whose nervous system has been so shaken that it has suffered permanently. He comes home, discharged from the army, to a wife whom he has adored and who has returned his devotion; but he has fallen in love with another woman. The latter refuses his advances and he is reduced to a state of helpless depression, while his wife bravely continues to run the shop and bear her trouble. When at last the other woman consents to become his mistress and they are about to go away together, he cannot bring himself to leave his wife; he confesses to her the step that he contemplates and they agree to die together, since happiness is henceforth impossible for them both. Considering the mental condition of the man, this conclusion is quite possible and natural on his part; he might well have committed suicide in such circumstances. But given the character of the wife as M. de Porto-Riche depicts her throughout the play, it is not natural and hardly possible on her part. And it is here that the play fails to convince. Such a woman might have been capable of sacrificing

herself and abandoning her husband to the other woman to secure his happiness; she might have proposed to her husband to give up their shop and leave Paris to try a new life elsewhere; there are many solutions possible. But never would she have consented to commit suicide. Nevertheless, the play is a welcome contrast to most of those that we have been given since the war and even for some years before it. Whatever its faults, it remains the work of a great dramatist and, with the exception of M. Géraudy's "Noces d'Argent," it is the only new play worth serious notice that has been produced since the war. Let us hope that now that M. de Porto-Riche has broken his long silence—we had had nothing from him for several years before the war—he will not again desert the theatre.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, January 4, 1918.

### *Trotsky, A Doubtful Ally*

THE BOLSHIEVIKI AND WORLD PEACE. By Leon Trotsky. With an introduction by Lincoln Steffens. Boni and Liveright; \$1.50.

Suppose the war were to end tomorrow—where would the historian look for his Carlylean hero? Even the most churlish Prussian would scarcely begrudge admission that France's *levée en masse* was as thrilling as anything we have seen since nationalism became a political reality. But France's spiritual energy seemed well-nigh exhausted in the achievement. Certainly she has not yet brought forth leaders who are the complete inheritors of her glorious traditions. Can Clemenceau or Joffre or Poincaré fill the bill? The pettifogging deputies of the Chamber? Hardly. Nor has England done much more than reveal the enduring virtues of her liberal and laborite leaders, like Asquith and Henderson, when contrasted with the stark reactionism of the Tories. Her present leader, Lloyd George, cannot stir us. Many of his own countrymen regard him as the apotheosis of middle-class mediocrity, energy disguising itself as insight, an early chauvinism and braggadocio modified into a later temperateness by the unrelenting casualty lists from Flanders. Germany then? Surely not the Kaiser, with his childish vanity and love of a bright uniform; the Kaiser, who in the words "Vorwärts" employed to describe Bethmann-Hollweg "means well—feebly." Not an emperor who is the football of his General

Staff; who is too weak to decide whether or not to chance his dynasty on the stopping of a war, which, begun to enhance his prestige, will unless soon ended destroy him utterly. Not a sovereign who cowers before a possible military dictatorship, yet lacks the courage to lead his people from the morass of misery and shame into which their Hindenburgs and Hoffmanns and Ludendorffs and von Steins have led them. The little kinglets and petty tyrants of the Balkans, or even young Charles, protesting his innocence and good intentions loudly to heaven, with an uneasy glance backward towards Berlin? All, all are gone, even Enver Pasha.

America, you say. Yes, but we have only one leader—Wilson—and he has himself repudiated the laurel of leadership. He prefers to regard himself as an "interpreter." Nor is it likely that the future historian's estimate will disagree with his own. In contrast to most teachers who have come into power, Wilson has exhibited an extraordinary flexibility of mind before actual events. He has been able to learn as well as teach; he has imbibed knowledge as well as imparted it. In other words, he has not been stubborn before the logic of circumstances. When he could not control, he has chosen the path of wisdom and adopted as his own—as in the case of Russia. This, according to the modern doctrine, is "interpretation," and it is soundly pragmatic. It means that one learns, but not necessarily that one leads.

Of course it may be that the "hero"—in the Carlylean sense—is only one more of the many myths that the war has subjected to the barrage fire of everyday reality. Leadership of the grandiose; old-fashioned sort becomes rather archaic in a world of machines, "coördination," and technical experts. It is unquestionably risky. Today the powerful man appears not so much as the fountainhead of moral forces as the skilful juggler of parliamentary majorities, the compromiser and astute trimmer among the winds of unreason, greed, and flickering nobility, the adjuster and adapter of circumstances. Every intelligent man seems fascinated with the "instrumental" theory by which the grapes of "priority" and "centralized control" are cheerfully plucked from the bloody thistles of the trenches. Forces grow up imperceptibly to be "directed." It is sheer arrogance to become a force oneself. To be downright, consistent, clear, uncompromising—all that, we were told, is merely for the doctrinaire and the ineffectual, the *déclassé* who



hover jealously on the fringes of authority. So ran the song of the day.

Until Trotzky appeared. By all the rules of the game, as heretofore played, he should not have counted. He lacked birth and manners and taste. He was a fanatic, an obsolete Marxian who clung pertinaciously to a theory of the class war which up-to-date thinkers regarded as outworn. He had been exiled from one country to another, landing finally in the East Side, New York. There he lived the obscure and hand-to-mouth existence of the Socialist orator and feuilletonist—according to well-fed radicals, a pathetically unimportant figure. Even on his return to Russia, after a few weeks' detainment, he was regarded as only mildly dangerous and on the protest of the Kerensky government permitted to continue his journey. When his name began to appear more frequently in the Allied and neutral press, the ostrich game of belittling his importance went cheerfully on. He was merely one of the crazy "reds" then leading Russia on to her dance of death, a wild-eyed, long-haired anarchist to be laughed at as long as he was out of power and roundly cursed as a traitor to the Allied cause when he came into power.

All this, of course, was absurd—how absurd his book, written before the Russian Revolution, now shows. Does he repudiate the idea of nationality? Not at all: his choicest epithets are reserved for the archaic and feudal Austro-Hungarian government. Nothing would please him more than to see the Dual Monarchy smashed and the "suppressed" nationalities given their own language, schools, government. He argues with great force for something less mild than federation as a solution of the Southeastern European question. Provided the curse of imperial jealousy and economic aggrandizement—to him, an inevitable consequence of the present capitalistic system—can be overcome by revolution of the proletariat everywhere, it is merely a matter of taste, "self-determination," how many national states are in existence. In the new world of proletarian control, according to Trotzky, national states will lose their menace. When the workers of the world are united, they will save their machine guns only for the bourgeoisie—everywhere. You will be a worker before you are a Russian or German or American. Does he excuse Germany for starting this war? On the contrary, no bitterer indictment of Germany's guilt has ever been written than Trotzky's analysis of the Germans' claim of a war of self-

defense. Has he brotherly words for the meek German Socialists? Listen to what he has to say of "Vorwärts's" exhortation to the German workers "to hold out until the decisive victory is ours":

Of course we must not look for ideas, logic, and truth where they do not exist. This is simply a case of an ulcer of slavish sentiments bursting open and foul pus crawling over the pages of the workingman's press. It is clear that the oppressed class which proceeds too slowly and inertly on its way toward freedom must in the final hour drag all its hopes and promises through mire and blood, before there arises in its soul the pure, unimpeachable voice—the voice of revolutionary honor.

He condemns the German Socialist Party for too tender regard for their party organization, too much "minimalism," too solicitous an eye for their prestige and power. In tying itself to the chariot wheels of the imperialistic state, the party lost its own soul. It developed the "machine," which for its continued existence was as dependent as any other political "machine" in Germany upon the government's success in the war. Thus developed, as a by-product of opportunism, the frightful spectacle of working-class imperialism. Trotzky has full realization of the danger of a German victory.

Why then does he want immediate peace? Because on its military side he believes the war has reached a deadlock, and its continued prolongation means the mutual exhaustion of the fighting spirit in the working-class. He wants the war to end before the belligerency of the proletariat is sucked dry in what he regards as this irrelevant conflict. Enough force must remain in the proletariat to overthrow their governments and to conduct a first-class revolution, Russian style. With the disillusion which will inevitably follow peace negotiations, he feels that events can be so maneuvered that revolution will result in almost every country—but especially in Germany and Austria. And he warns all and sundry governments that when the revolutions do start, the working-class will have learned a lesson from this war which it will not speedily forget—the lesson that necessity knows no law. Bourgeois legalism will not frighten workingmen who have lain in the mud and shot their brothers.

Had the average good citizen read this book a few months ago, he would probably have reflected: "Well, this fellow is certainly a devil, and if he ever gets loose nobody's property will be safe. Whatever else he may be, he's certainly not Pro-German. He's a clear and vigorous thinker, a dangerous revolutionist. But there's



one consolation. If he ever *does* get into power in Russia, he won't be able to put his ideas across. On the other hand, he's a real menace to the Allies. With all his fine talk, an agitation for an immediate peace will only, as a matter of cold fact, result in an advantage to Germany. The Russian army is already gone; its morale is broken. The people want peace at any price. Trotzky will be in no position to be impudent to Germany. He will have to truckle. He may have words, but the Germans have guns. Let us get together and call him a Pro-German anyway and discredit him. Then he can keep his theories to himself, and not sell Russia out to Germany in the name of the holy Revolution."

Such, at any rate, seemed to be the tactics of the reactionary press in England and America and France. They were content to remain in the intellectual twilight of opinion which has characterized them since the war began. They exhausted the vocabulary of mud on Trotzky: his pockets bulged with German gold (as perhaps they did, for the Junkers believed, on Allied authority, they had found an easy mark); he was a traitor for whom hanging was too good. In this strain the abuse continued—until Brest-Litovsk. Then something happened, which surprised the Germans no less than the Allies. Trotzky *didn't* truckle. He *was* impudent, truthful. Armed with his idea and his honesty of purpose, he snapped his fingers at the entire German army and told them to come on, what good would it do them? Did the diplomatists dare to go back home and tell their proletariat that they didn't want a democratic peace? British Labor responded almost immediately to this amazing spectacle; so did Wilson in a speech which was his finest accomplishment. Of course it had always been plain what Trotzky would do, plain, that is, to anybody who knew how religiously our newspapers misinterpret, plain to those who had ever seen or talked to Trotzky. Today it is plain to the world. The Russian delegates at Brest-Litovsk have the public, open approval of our President.

Today, with the news of Russia's exit from the war, the situation remains a puzzle. Has Trotzky sold out to the Germans? On the surface it looks like it. For it is one thing to take control of a nation which has gone to pieces, which has lost its army, and to try to make capital out of this very weakness as Trotzky did at Brest-Litovsk. It is quite another thing to throw open the economic resources of a country to the

enemy, even while you refuse to sign a "formal peace treaty." Yet it is impossible to read his book without searching for a more complex explanation. No man could be such a consummate liar, so shameless a betrayer of his own principles. No: Trotzky is risking everything on an ultimate revolution in Germany, brought about by passive and moral resistance, propaganda, words. It is a terrible chance to take, and may result in handing Russia over to German domination for a century. What lesson is there in this tragedy of Russia for the Allies? How can it be stopped? What chance have we now to make Germany revolt? It is too late to retrieve our former blunders and diplomatic stupidity. All we can do is to make sure that the much-heralded German "drive," if it comes, is blocked. When that fails—as it must fail—the arrogant Junkers will not have a single card left to play. Then in truth the revolt may come in Germany. What irony if the democratic peace Trotzky preaches shall be won for him on the fields of Flanders by the blood of those he has, in his skepticism, repudiated! if those whom today he questions should tomorrow prove his doubts groundless!

HAROLD STEARNS.

### *Why a Poet Should Never Be Educated*

FIRST OFFERING. By Samuel Roth. Lyric Publishing Co.; \$1.

RENAISSANCE, and Other Poems. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Kennerley; \$1.50.

FIRST POEMS. By Edwin Curran. Published by the author, Zanesville, Ohio; 35 cts.

These three first volumes, with their curious kinship and even more curious contrasts, furnish a variety of themes. They offer material for several essays: on "What Constitutes Rapture"; on "The Desire of the Moth for the Star"; on "The Growing Tendency among Certain Publishers to Ask One Dollar and Fifty Cents for Seventy Pages of Verse"; on "A Bill for the Conservation of Conservative Poetry"; on "Life, Literature, and the Last Analysis"; on "Why a Poet Should Never be Educated." One cannot deal with all these fascinating considerations, but I hope to suggest the crippling effect the college usually has on the embryonic poet; how imagination is slurred over and form is magnified; how rhapsody is tuned down to rhetoric and regularity; how poetry, in short,

emerges not as an experiment, a record of varied days, meditations, and adventures, but as an orderly procession of standard thoughts, a codified treatise, a course in pattern-making. Take these three books, for instance. Mr. Roth has been brought up at a university, and its formal stamp is over all his pages. Miss Millay wrote two of the most fresh and beautiful lyrics which contemporary American poetry can boast—before she went to Vassar. Since that time she has produced nothing that has more than a trace of her initial spontaneous quality; her subsequent poems strain to make up in intellectual concepts what they have lost in naïveté. Edwin Curran is a railroad telegrapher, a beginner, ignorant of the laws of prosody, of scansion, even of grammar; he would not recognize a chant royal or an amphibrach even if it were introduced to him. And yet there is more vitality and vision in these paper-bound and indiscriminating twenty-seven pages than in a score of more elegant and more erudite volumes.

It is impossible to tell how far the universities are (from a literary point of view) responsible for so many sudden blossomings and so many early deaths. But everyone can name at least half a dozen examples. Was it not less precocity than the hot-house atmosphere of Harvard which made John Hall Wheelock bloom too quickly—a forced growth that almost sapped him for a sturdier flowering? And, at the other extreme, (to change the metaphor) was it not the universities that almost succeeded in extinguishing Robert Frost's guarded flame with their damp disapproval? Perhaps it was not so much disapproval that they exhibited as, what was worse, a ponderous indifference to what did not conform to the curriculum of prescribed beauty. It was this placid unconcern which made Frost realize that these halls of learning (he attended and left two of them) were built not to prepare the future but to perpetuate the past. The list of ruined or rejected originators might be extended to the back cover of this magazine; every reader might add his own quota. But catalogues are tiresome and unsatisfactory as evidence. I shall return to my trio and particularize.

Mr. Roth's volume contains thirty-three sonnets, half a dozen lyrics, a few efforts in vers libre; all of them pleasant, precise, undistinguished. There is grace in them, an echo if not an evocation of beauty, and sparks from what, in other circumstances, may have burned with an authentic flame. But the cold compress of

formalism has smothered all originality out of the lines. For example:

Lo, I have touched the waters of the tides  
Of many days, who through dim vision spun  
Of sheltered deeds now catch the glow of Sun  
As o'er grey waters ploughed by Morn he rides,  
Waving aflame the reckless flag of dawn,  
Breaking the doors of caves where darkness hides,  
And having freed the world, loftily glides  
The blue resplendent mountain peaks upon.

It is no single teacher, no one influence that has shaped these lines with such academic accents; it is something more institutional which places its determined or half-conscious emphasis on tradition—an emphasis that makes the student bend and conform or, if he is made of tougher fibre, react with a violent desire to shock. Both of these impulses are thwarting and inhibitive, for neither of them is the result of natural and free creation. And so what here should have been flexible, young, and frankly experimental has been hardened in a tough and time-eaten mold.

Turning to the second volume is like opening a window in a musty class-room. Here is air and motion, sunlight and the reflection of cloud-driven skies—even though the shadows are sometimes seen upon charted walls. For the greater part, these pages vibrate with an untutored sincerity, a direct and often dramatic power that few of our most expert craftsmen can equal. Turn, for instance, to the opening poem that begins like a child's thoughtless rhyme or a scrap of nonsense verse:

All I could see from where I stood  
Was three long mountains and a wood;  
I turned and looked another way,  
And saw three islands in a bay.  
So with my eyes I traced the line  
Of the horizon, thin and fine,  
Straight around till I was come  
Back to where I'd started from;  
And all I saw from where I stood  
Was three long mountains and a wood.

An almost inconsequential opening, but as the poem proceeds, one with a haunting and cumulative effect.

Over these things I could not see  
These were the things that bounded me,  
it goes on. And then without ever losing the simplicity of the couplets, it begins to mount. There is an exquisite idyllic passage beginning:

The grass, a-tiptoe at my ear,  
Whispering to me I could hear;  
I felt the rain's cool finger-tips  
Brushed tenderly across my lips,  
Laid gently on my sealed sight,  
And all at once the heavy night  
Fell from my eyes and I could see—  
A drenched and dripping apple-tree,  
A last long line of silver rain,

and suddenly, beneath the descriptive rapture,

one is confronted with a greater revelation. It is as if a child playing about the room had, in the midst of prattling, uttered some shining and terrific truth. This remarkable poem is, in parts, a trifle repetitious, but what it repeats is said so poignantly that one thinks of scarcely any lesser poet than Blake when one begins the ascending climax:

I know the path that tells Thy way  
Through the cool eve of every day;  
God, I can push the grass apart  
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

Or witness the first of the unnamed sonnets, that has a similar mixture of world sadness and a painful hunger for beauty, a hunger so great that no delight is great enough to give her peace:

Thou art not lovelier than lilacs—no  
Nor honeysuckle; thou art not more fair  
Than small white single poppies—I can bear  
Thy beauty; though I bend before thee, though  
From left to right, not knowing where to go,  
I turn my troubled eyes, nor here nor there  
Find any refuge from thee, yet I swear  
So has it been with mist—with moonlight so.

Elsewhere (as in "The Suicide") the tone is more sophisticated. The results of reading begin to show. In "Interim" we see the intrusion of foreign accents; echoes of other dramatic monologues disturb us as the poem wanders off into periods of reflection and rhetoric. And there are pages where all that was fresh and native to this young poet seems to have turned to mere prettiness and imitation. "Ashes of Life" might have been written by Sara Teasdale in a weak moment; "The Little Ghost" lisps sweetly after Margaret Widdemer. After the preceding exhibits such lapses are doubly distressing. The inclusion of these merely pleasant pieces is all the more surprising when one notes the inexplicable omission of "Journey" from this volume—a youthful poem, but sharpened and illuminated with a succession of original touches. Here is a part of it:

Cat-birds call  
Through the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk  
Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills wake and cry,  
Drawing the twilight close about their throats;  
Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines  
Go up the rocks and wait; flushed apple-trees  
Pause in their dance and break the ring for me. . .  
Round-faced roses, pink and petulant,  
Look back and beckon ere they disappear.

Edwin Curran's work has no trace of "literary" temper or tradition, no polite echoes of an echo. Nothing more than the most elementary schooling can be found in his unpretentious and almost ungrammatical pages. Published by himself with the assurance that "any help in distribution will be appreciated" and the tentative promise that "if this volume meets expenses,

another, possibly better, will be issued," the thin booklet is free of both poetic cant and critical selectiveness. Lines of startling beauty precede sentences of childish bombast; exquisite and daring conceptions rise from the most tawdry and sentimental of themes; vivid images leap to the astonished eye and are followed by passages of the most mawkish emotionalism. Magic takes this poet and does with him whatever it wishes. He has little or no control over the music; it controls him. See, for examples, the quietly ecstatic poem "To Future Generations," the related love songs scattered without title through the booklet, the blend of flatness and magnificence in "Christ" with its sudden climax:

Sentinel, where is morning on the world?  
Break the night for night has slept too long.  
Where is the dawn? Is her rose still uncurled?  
Unburst it! Let us have a harp and song!

Turn to the sonnet "Autumn," where even "by the ruins of the painted hills" this new singer can find none of the proverbial end-of-the-year melancholy, but only the "earth stripped to grapple with the winter year . . . her gnarled hills planned for victories."

I love the earth who goes to battle now,  
To struggle with the wintry whipping storm  
And bring the glorious spring out from the night.  
I see earth's muscles bared, her battle brow,  
And am not sad, but feel her marvelous charm  
As splendidly she plunges in the fight.

Everywhere this individuality of utterance is manifest. It shines even out of sentimental poems like the one on the statue of "George Washington in Wall Street" with passages like:

He is not dead; some blood still courses thru him warm,  
Some light still burns behind those marble eyes,  
A pulse knocks thru the darkness of that form,  
And this man here still knows and is aware;  
His heart is broken with the world's sad cries  
And he longs to throw away his sleep and charm—  
Slip off the stone as some cold cloak of air.

or like "The Sailing of Columbus" that begins:

The wind ran out across the golden sea,  
Chained to our snowy shrouds, pulling our ships;  
A slave who creaked the beams and dragged the hulls  
Like plows across the waves in creams of foam.  
On down the watery field, that hill of rain,  
We stumbled on the wind, leaning on the sky,  
Running into eternity and blue space,  
Trying to touch that azure wall ahead. . .

It is these flashes of brilliance that make one anxious for Edwin Curran when he will begin to become "cultured" and sophisticated. And it is such an unknown bit of fire, springing from so apparently uninspiring a centre as Zanesville, Ohio, that makes one surer of the vigorous poetic renascence in these scattered but somehow united states.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

### *Lincoln in Biography and Letters*

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Ida M. Tarbell. Macmillan; \$5.

HONEST ABE. By Alonzo Rothschild. Houghton Mifflin; \$2.

UNCOLLECTED LETTERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Gilbert A. Tracy. Houghton Mifflin; \$2.50.

As a product of American democracy, Abraham Lincoln bids fair to be of perennial interest. We preserve every scrap of his writing, trivial or important, and perpetuate every tale or tradition that promises to add to our memorial of the man and his achievements. For many, his utterances on public questions have become as touchstones of political wisdom. Those who study his personality discover in it much that is highly cheering and spiritual. The historian, interpreting his service to the republic, has estimated him high in the conception of greatness. The feeling is general that his life contains a validity and charm worthy to be bequeathed to succeeding generations of our people, native and foreign born.

In the literature that Lincoln has left us there is very little that directly bespeaks a philosophy of government, though much is implicit. Not often do we read his works in the spirit of political exegesis. The time may come when this will be their dominant interest. But we have found that he could bestow upon a political concept a powerful application of ideas provoked by the disposition of his time. The Declaration and the Constitution stimulated in his brain many profound observations of great consequence in forming public opinion upon the issues confronting his mature mind. There may be some basis for assent to the assertion of an able student of his legal history that Lincoln was a great constitutional lawyer. He at least possessed a clear grasp of the leading principles governing the meaning of the Constitution. His ethics was personal rather than platonic. We revere him first of all as an exemplar, as "a gentle, good, and great man." His character was such as the Greek dramatists found for praise in Pericles: "Persuasion sat upon his lips, such was his charm." The qualities Plutarch ascribes to the Athenian statesman fit our mental portrait of Lincoln's personality and power: "He was indeed a character deserving our admiration not only for his equitable and mild temper, which . . . in the many affairs of his life and the great animosities he incurred, he constantly maintained; but also for his high spirit and feeling," whereby "he never gratified an envy or passion, nor ever treated an enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him."

Biographically, Lincoln has been scanned from many angles. Only the emergence of new facts or a more radiant exposition of his temperament and experience, his environment, and the spirit of the age which fashioned his fortunes, would appear to justify further attempts to explain him. During the last decade a sufficient body of such new matter has accumulated to sanction the new edition of Miss Tarbell's "Life," first given to the public in 1900. Her work at that time embodied the important results of an extended investigation of sources of information unappropriated by Nicolay and Hay. She took practically the last opportunity to gather up a large body of facts and impressions, corroborative and new, held in solution among numerous survivors from Lincoln's own generation. Much of what she so competently reported in her two volumes would have perished in a few years or survived in uncertain and confusing tradition. Among the *spolia opima* which she contributed was "The Lost Speech," delivered at Bloomington in 1856, and regarded by Herndon as "the grand effort" of Lincoln's life. This most notable of Lincoln's unreported speeches Miss Tarbell recovered as we have it through H. C. Whitney, who made notes on the address during its delivery and at Miss Tarbell's request expanded his notes *memoriter*.

Miss Tarbell presented also a better impression of Lincoln's father, the much disparaged Thomas. With all his "backwoodsiness," he was fairly representative of his community. He was a landowner at twenty-five, possessed credit at the village store, and Miss Tarbell furnished documentary evidence that he enjoyed the local distinction of appointment as road-surveyor, or overseer. She was able also to clear up several contradictory traditions about his ancestry, education, and other matters, as well as to give fuller outline to the prevailing meagre impression of his professional life. This aspect of his career, however, has been in large measure restored to us by the researches of F. T. Hill and Mr. John T. Richards. The latter's important work, among others, was reviewed in THE DIAL, October 19, 1916. Although Miss Tarbell exhibited the greater problems which Lincoln encountered in the presidency and his manner of meeting them, it was not her purpose to lead her readers into the plexus of events making up the history of his administration or the story of the Civil War. Instead, she pictured the personal aspects of his life and character in terms of the large amount of fresh testimony which she brought



together from so many sources to supplement the old. Her primary purpose was to exhibit "Lincoln the man," yet her researches enabled her to add nearly 200 pages of Lincoln letters and speeches not included in any preceding work.

The new edition of Miss Tarbell's "Life" amends the old by means of a review of the most important of the materials bearing on Lincoln's life made accessible since 1900. These materials consist in the main of the "Diary" of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln and Johnson; the "Reminiscences" of Carl Schurz; the "Diary" and letters of John Hay; and the "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," by Henry B. Rankin, whose fortune it was to be associated with the firm of Lincoln and Herndon for the ten years preceding Lincoln's election to the presidency. The new section, contributed as a second preface, makes reference to Welles's dislike of Seward's bumptious manner of impressing others with his primacy in the administration. By many of those, in and out of Congress, who shared Welles's irritation, Lincoln's forbearance with his Secretary of State was interpreted as weakness; even Welles thought his chief was being managed by one inferior to him. At the time, Miss Tarbell shows, none appeared to know that Lincoln fully understood the propensities of Mr. Seward, and that with "shrewd calculation" he was suffering himself to be misjudged in order to put through his great task. Both Seward and Chase, through self-assertive and muddling ambition, were vexatious; yet the President's high aims and fine tact led him to esteem the abilities of the secretaries in spite of the discreditable annoyance they engendered.

In evidence of the President's attitude, Miss Tarbell reminds us of his refusal to publish his correspondence with Greeley in connection with the peace fiasco at Niagara Falls, in July, 1864. Greeley had emotionally urged a peace conference between representatives of the two warring sections upon what he asserted was competent assurance that the South was ready for such a move. The President tactfully appointed Greeley to exploit his own futile suggestion. The latter's severe reproach of the President for the failure of the conference was left unheeded, even though the publication of the letters that passed between them "would have shown that Greeley had lied." Mr. Lincoln chose to bear the blame which the editor threw upon him in order that the cause he represented might continue to command the powerful influence of the "Tribune." The self-effacing temper of Mr. Lincoln is further

illustrated by his keeping "so carefully from his colleagues the preposterous suggestions of Mr. Seward in April, 1861, to invite a general European War and to take over the government." When Seward learned that a caucus of Republican congressmen had voted to ask the President to remove him, he resigned. Mr. Lincoln regarded the action of the congressmen as an interference with executive authority. At this time, also, the self-conceit of Chase, whom Lord Charnwood regards as "unhappily a sneak," contributed greatly to the cabinet ferment. Chase disingenuously intimated his desire to resign, expecting to be suppliantly begged to remain. To his chagrin, the President evinced great satisfaction that the "Gordian knot" was cut at last. After both Seward and Chase had experienced some perplexity as to their fate, they were asked by the President to remain at their posts.

From 1860, when William Dean Howells and John L. Hayes published "Lives and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin," to the present, the lives and special treatises inspired by the career of the great President have been legion. Nicolay and Hay wrote a history of his time, with a benevolent eye always upon their hero. Herndon's book furnished a large store of personal, if sometimes unauthenticated, intelligence. Morse followed the academically trained paths of the biographic art. Browne's readable volume is less critical than intimately sympathetic and personal. Of more recent lives of Lincoln, that by Brand Whitlock is the best example we have of successful condensation. The *mélange* of biographical and historical matter in the volume by Mr. Ulrich divaricates between personal reminiscence and an array of documents available and quite useful for the comparative study of modern constitutional history. The recent book by Alonzo Rothschild under the name of "Honest Abe" has a purpose single and conjoint.

This purpose is to complement the author's well-known "Lincoln, Master of Men," published a decade ago. In "Honest Abe" we have the reduction of a large amount of matter written about Lincoln, with an eye single to the portraiture of his fundamental characteristic of integrity. The former book was a study of the President's personality on the side of its power to envisage and manage the diversity of men connected with the civil and military branches of the government. It was well written, and impressed the reader with the greatness of the President's task in his relations to the personnel of his administration in a time of crisis. The

new book seeks to find the secret of Lincoln's success in his "fidelity to truth." Much testimony of a well-known character is collated for this purpose around the subjects of "Pinching Times," "Professional Ethics," "Honesty in Politics," and so on. Professionally, "Lincoln in court was truth in action." Many causes in which Lincoln participated as a lawyer are indicated to illustrate his acumen in discerning the "kernel" of a suit as well as his disposition to concede the point when it appeared that he was in the wrong. The volume closes with Lincoln's success in the congressional race against Cartwright. The author's death prevented his carrying his study over the highly important period of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. He has written with sincere purpose, has winnowed his material skilfully, and enriched each chapter with ample bibliographical and historical notes. The style is clear and elevated. Yet it is difficult to say that the book adds appreciably to our impression of Lincoln on that side of his character which its pages are intended to establish. Its thesis is so well maintained by numerous biographies, so exactly parallels the common opinion of the Great Emancipator, that one could wish that the good style and conscientious endeavor of the author had been turned toward the writing of a life of one who has been none too often, nor yet with competent artistry, represented as a classic for the youth.

But the most original and striking contribution to Lincoln literature made during the present year is Mr. Gilbert A. Tracy's "Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln." The volume contains about 350 letters not included in a previously published collection. Only a small number of them have been printed in any form before. Mr. Tracy, a clerk in the War Department during the Civil War and later a Connecticut farmer, gave many years to the collection of these letters, found singly and in number in the possession of individuals and historical societies, and among the treasures of professional collectors. After the publication in 1906 of the Gettysburg edition of Lincoln's works, presumably inclusive of all he wrote, it is surprising that the editors should have been able to give us so large a compilation. Miss Tarbell, who writes an introduction to the volume, suggests that the stream of new Lincoln materials has not yet run dry. Indeed, Mr. Tracy indicates the existence of certain other letters whose owners are as yet unwilling to make them public property. Many of the letters in the present collection are of little

public interest, consisting as they do of brief notes on law cases, brief letters of acknowledgment, or on local political events. A number are executive orders of a routine nature. Some of them, however, are of biographical or historical rank, though they contain nothing that would modify our present impression. The letters to Lincoln's confidential friend, Lyman Trumbull, are full of observations upon political matters and contain numerous references to Douglas and the Kansas-Nebraska propaganda. One of these letters protests his firm opposition to any "compromise on the question of extending slavery." The same position is averred in a letter to Owen Lovejoy, but in terms combining political caution with the courage of sincere conviction. After his defeat by Douglas for the Senate he writes to General Eleazar Paine admitting his defeat and prophetically affirming that the contest must continue. "The question is not half settled. New splits will soon be upon our adversaries, and we will fuse again." A letter of November 18, 1862, to General Steele and Governor Phelps of Arkansas contains one of his earliest expressions of the plan of reconstruction which was carefully maturing in Lincoln's mind.

The letter to Carl Schurz, replying to the latter's complaint that the President in making appointments had given too great consideration to Democrats, confirms Lincoln's political prudence, as Schurz later appreciated. Those who recall the "Lost Speech" will identify in the letter to Alexander H. Stephens, January 1860, certain of the ideas which became fixtures in Lincoln's thoughts about slavery and states rights; for example, the declaration: "We will not secede and you shall not." In some respects this letter reflects the body of ideas which made up the Cooper Institute address delivered a month later. But the literary feature of this collection is the letter to the King of Siam, February 3, 1862, acknowledging the receipt of certain costly presents from his admiring majesty, including "your Majesty's tender of good offices in forwarding to this Government a stock from which a supply of elephants might be raised on our soil. This Government would not hesitate to avail itself of so generous an offer if the object were one which could be made practically useful in the present condition of the United States. Our political jurisdiction, however, does not reach a latitude so low as to favor the multiplication of the elephant, and steam on land as well as on water has been our best and most efficient agent of transportation in internal commerce." This

letter is as delicately informed with the rare essence of humor as the well-known letter to Mrs. Bixby is irradiant with the pure spirit of patriotism. It strengthens any preconception one may have had that Lincoln, under another set of circumstances in life, might have become as distinguished as a man of letters as he was eminent in statesmanship.

L. E. ROBINSON.

### *Quadrangles Paved with Good Intentions*

THE UNDERGRADUATE AND HIS COLLEGE. By Frederick P. Keppel. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.60.

Mr. Keppel is known to all Columbia undergraduates of recent years as one of the kindest and most helpful of college deans. He has now given his impressions of college life in a book which has a kindliness that rather impairs the critical emphasis, and leaves still unanswered the question: What is the American college for? The audience he imagines and for whom he writes is evidently the comfortable father of the better-bred boy—"your boy and mine"—and not that more critical public which desires an ideal of what the college should be, or an incisive analysis of the forces which block that ideal's realization. Only in the very last pages does Dean Keppel suggest his ideal and, admirable as it is, it comes too late to aid him in correcting his observations of college life. "A group of young men living and working and thinking and dreaming together, free to let their thoughts and dreams determine the future for them; these young men, hourly learning much from one another, are brought into touch with the wisdom of the past, the circumstances of the present, the visions of the future, by a group of older students, striving to provide them with ideas rather than beliefs, and guiding them in observing for themselves nature's laws and human relationships"—how could this idea of a college be bettered? But Dean Keppel presents no very clear picture of how young men might live and work and think together. Nor does he explain why professors so emphatically do not look upon themselves as "older students," and why the curriculum is not designed more intelligently and deliberately to effect that observation of "nature's laws and human relationships." He dismisses lightly the prevailing utterly mechanical and demoralizing system of measuring intellectual progress by "points" and

"credits," a system which cultivates the "taking of courses" and not the study of a subject. The gap between his ideal and his mild and indirect criticism and suggestion for improvement is too glaring to make the discussion very satisfactory. There is no more obvious fact about the American college than that its administrative and curricular organization has not, in these last few years of standardizing, been in any way directed by the ideal of the "intellectual community of youth." While floundering deans and quarrelsome faculties have debated, the registrar and the athletic coach have gone busily and invincibly ahead setting the motives and the values for the social and intellectual life of the great majority of students in college. In the presence of an idealist like Dean Keppel, who is also an executive officer and presumably has a rare opportunity for leadership, the question insistently rises: How could the present flagrant divorce between ideal and actuality have arisen?

But if this book does not answer that question, it does present a very human and chatty picture of the boyish undergraduate as he passes before the dean. The author disarms a good deal of our criticism by showing us how very bad the colleges used to be, and how very good are the present good ones in comparison with the bad. In the light of that earlier institution which was little more than a boys' academy, where the students had a generous taint of the hoodlum and the professors were pedantic theologians, the present college appears an earnest and honorable place indeed. It is a clever touch of Mr. Keppel's to trace the current organized athletics and fraternity life out of the ancient mischief and disorder. If the colleges today are being strangled in their own standardization, think of the degree scandals of twenty years ago, and of the salutary disappearance of charlatan institutions and the stiffening of the weak. If one bemoans the corruption of athletics, let him think of the rowdism and low standards of the last generation. Mr. Keppel presents an engaging picture of the fraternities sobering up from their historic debauches, and even engaging in competitive scholarship. And the old parental discipline of the college he sees to be broadening into a real concern about the student's responsibility to society, as well as about his personal morality and habits.

Reforms, however, will have to be presented with more fervor and with a greater sense of their integral place in the "youthful community" before they are likely to stir the college



mind. Actually there seems to be little halt in the process of complicating the machinery of manufacturing the degree, in getting rid of plain-speaking and idealistic teachers, and in turning more and more of the teaching over to mediocre young instructors. The quality of the undergraduate will depend on these influences, to which Mr. Keppel gives all too little heed. No college has sinned more grievously than his own in these respects. Mildly to urge tolerance and tact upon trustees and professors alike is scarcely enough, even though one admit that "errors of tact are more likely to be expensive to the professor whose views on social and political relations are disturbing to those about him." These are sterner times, and youthful idealists who saw Mr. Keppel himself pass from the direction of a pacifist society to a post in the War Department, and Professor Beard resign because of the sinister menaces to intellectual freedom within the American college, will be a little skeptical of the power of the present system to produce in the average student a love for the clear intellectual conscience. It is not enough for Mr. Keppel to have a good word for the student "conscientious objector," for the student socialist agitator, and for the ostracized Jewish student. We should be assured that the college is tending toward a community where tolerance is not merely chivalrous but organic.

Mr. Keppel has the task, in this book, of playing the rôles of both prophet and loyal tender of the machine. Few people could fuse them happily. He does not fuse them happily. He does deplore the lack of thoroughness in college learning, the sin of smattering, and the lack of adjustment of the college to the world. He desires a closer understanding between faculty and students, between college courses and student activities, between college life and mature activity. But he has too much sense of the immalleability of his raw material, too much sense of their being much to be said on both sides, to be a convincing prophet. And he is too uneasy about the idealists to be a mere loyal machine-driver. His mind is liberal and yet it serves reaction. It is good to have "liberals" as machine-tenders; however, they should not complain if their interpretation disappoints. One becomes, in reading a book like this, a little too conscious of those qualities for which, as Mr. Keppel says, the college graduate "has a good reputation"—resourcefulness, social agreeableness, cheerfulness, adaptability. The liberal alumnus or the father who wants to know what

he may expect for "his boy" from the college will find the book amusing and informing. He may even like the author's generous use of academic slang, such as "the quitate and the bustitute," and the tendency to "pad and distract" rather than to add and subtract. Nevertheless the more restless will long for a fiercer tone. After all, when one is strategically placed and sees evils and goods in a system, why be so tepid about it?

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

### *"Labor, Right or Wrong"*

TRADE UNIONISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Robert Franklin Hoxie. Appleton; \$2.50.

This volume is the last will and testament of a singularly clear and cogent thinker who looked out upon the world with sympathy and understanding and sought to unravel, by patient collection of data and careful analysis, the tangled skein of that most protean of all democratic movements, trade unionism. The scholar who wrought these pages lay down to his rest before his work was done and we owe this book to labors of love on the part of those who knew and cared for him. It is not unjust to say, therefore, that this is a group of essays—not a finished work—reminding one, in a way, of Arnold Toynbee's "Industrial Revolution." And yet it is a volume which will be valuable in the thought that it will stir in those widening circles now conscious of the significance of industrial democracy.

Professor Hoxie's book is mainly analytical, but there are two chapters, all too brief, given to the history of the labor movement in the United States from the earliest days to the rise of revolutionary unionism. One chapter sets "the problem" of the student, warning him against hasty generalizations and class bias, and showing him how complicated and fugitive are the data of the labor movement. Some fifty pages are devoted to an analysis of the several types of unionism and their significance, with due reference to structure and function. The relation of labor to the law, collective bargaining, and the economic program of labor occupy nearly one hundred pages. Scientific management in relation to labor is given the emphasis which its importance warrants; there is a sketchy chapter on employers' associations, and some shrewd observations on the psychology of leadership which recall the exceedingly clever work of Michels.



It would be impossible within the limits of a review to enumerate the essential conclusions and capital suggestions of this volume, but some are so outstanding that they cannot escape. The shortcomings and failures of the American Federation of Labor are temperately set forth (page 133); we are warned that we shall see more, rather than less, of industrial unionism (page 174); much that concerns labor disputes and administration must be taken out of the field of contentious litigation (page 251); the establishment of labor standards and the education of the public offer more of promise for the future than does legislative wrangling (page 252); we cannot afford to give up the vast possibilities of increased productiveness which scientific management offers (page 324), and yet scientific management falls afoul of craft unionism and all its rigid rules (page 347); the public is poorly equipped by knowledge and understanding for taking part in labor controversies, and yet it is continually compelled to render drastic judgments (Chapter xiv). The upshot of it all is that rough and ready generalizations about the class conflict avail little and that the grand old slogan, "Labor, right or wrong," is not much of a guide amid the bewildering technique of modern industry. Patience, understanding, knowledge of the facts, flexibility of thought—"these are the seals of that most firm assurance which bars the pit over Destruction's strength."

CHARLES A. BEARD.

### *A Novel with a Plot*

SECRET BREAD. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Doran; \$1.50.

"There was silence in the room where James Ruan lay in the great bed, awaiting his marriage and his death." When a novel makes such an arresting entry as this of "Secret Bread," the temptation is to quote it, with the comment that the beginnings of their novels and their own dying words must be among authors' heavy responsibilities. But the long and absorbing tale behind these strange words proves them to be no mere pomp of paradox. The first chapter gives a good measure of the whole book. In it Ruan of Cloom, an estate in Cornwall, died on the night the story opens, after making a wife of Annie, a servant and his mistress. Ruan had the marriage performed in order to bequeath his estate legally to a posthumous child, and for the

peculiar pleasure of disinheriting Annie and the other children of their misbegotten brood. Thus the apple of discord was planted before the hero himself came on the scene, as Ishmael Ruan did only a few hours after his father's death. The struggle of the youngest Ruan to assert his authority in the family and in turn to pass his inheritance on to his eldest son is, very roughly, the theme of the story. There are no legal complications, and but little play of personal risk. The author is too deft a hand for that. The struggle between Ishmael and his eldest brother, Archelaus, is mainly psychological, but not for years has there been in fiction a plot so shocking. The shock at the end is the refreshing one of sheer cold water—no common quality in psychological narrative.

From the first the tale strikes an eerie tone reminiscent of "Wuthering Heights," perhaps, or "Jane Eyre." To some extent the fancied resemblance is due to similarity of setting and the same dour aspect of the characters, as much as to the fact that the excellent plot emerges from the grim eccentricities of one or two of the persons. As the history of Ishmael progresses, however, from his boyhood among the Cornish country lads through his school days at St. Renny and his young manhood, the author's very sure searching of the emotions and fancies of youth reminds one, on quite a different hand, of the realistic analyses of Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers." There is here more in common between the two writers than the same Cornish country. But such comparisons serve merely an impressionistic purpose. The distinct achievement of the author of "Secret Bread" is spinning a tale of over five hundred pages on the neatly tied thread of plot one customarily finds in a short story, playing incessantly on rather intimate sensations, and at the same time weaving the story round a clearly enunciated philosophy—"that we all have something, some secret bread of our own soul, by which we live, that nourishes and sustains us." Ishmael's secret bread was his love of the land, the earth of his paternal Cloom. The three necessary ingredients for a substantial novel are here: vivid characters, a good plot, and an underlying purpose, philosophy, or unifying motive of the author's (whatever term you will) which gives a novel its third dimension and keeps it from being a mere bas-relief frieze of more or less entertaining figures.

To the influence of Da Boase, a local priest, was largely due the wholesome character and disposition of the hero, born under such unlikely

auspices, the barely legitimate son of a boor and his wench. It was Da Boase who, when Ishmael was twelve years old, insisted that he take his place at the head of the table, on the occasion of "crying the neck," a pagan festival celebrated at harvest time partly in the open fields at twilight and partly within doors shortly after. It was Da Boase also who suggested the theory of secret bread. Undertaking Ishmael's education until he should go away to boarding school, Da Boase tried not so much to make of him a Christian gentleman, in perhaps the English sense of the word, as to make him a respectable and self-respecting farmer, since that seemed the boy's natural trend. With other characters Da Boase behaved similarly, heartily relishing Killigrew, a delightful lad who grew into an engagingly unmoral young man—to whose soul the priest laid no siege.

Set over against this priest is the dispossessed Archelaus, who returned to Cloom manor from wanderings in Australia, California, Canada, to harass at irregular and significant intervals the legal proprietor. Ishmael's peace of mind, thanks to his secret bread, remained proof against the revenge motif of Archelaus, which runs through the book like the disappearing thread in homespun, observable but not at all obvious. The ultimate twist was the work of the elder brother's most advanced proficiency in the diabolical. There is unquestioned reality in the figure of the final Ishmael—an old man bereft of friends and wife, all of whom he outlived, and finally losing his own son, yet remaining content to the end, consoled by some power within himself. That this is the amazing way of all flesh, we have only to seek the fellowship of grandparents to ascertain. Considerably fewer elders than certain novelists would have us believe, trade very extensively on kingdom come.

It is avowedly only an exercise in literary marksmanship to call Miss Jesse a twentieth century Brontë, or a twentieth century anybody else. But in so aiming, whether the result be a hit or not, we are certain at least of the right direction of our aim. The greatest emphasis must be placed on the difference a hundred years has made in the growth and outlook of an Englishwoman of letters. Nowadays, for example, it is no particular tribute to remark that the reader of "Secret Bread" would not readily assume the author to be a woman; yet that was an incense especially grateful to the author of "Wuthering Heights." Certainly this novel does

not suffer from the neurotic sort of severity, the hard overdrawing characteristic of Mrs. Humphry Ward and some other contemporary feminine writers. Miss Jesse's sharp corners are gracefully beveled with a fine sense of humor. A chance description of Killigrew's mother suggests the author's cheery eye for foibles:

"I'm sure that will be very nice, my dears," was her invariable comment on any programme suggested by the young men; and there was a legend in the family that Killigrew had once said to her: "How would it be, Mother, if I were to murder the Guv'nor and then take you round the world with me on the money? We could settle in the South Sea Islands, and I'd marry a ducky and you could look after the pickaninny grandchildren?" To which Mrs. Killigrew had responded: "Yes, my dear, that will be very nice; and on your way, if you're passing the fishmonger's, will you tell him to alter the salmon for this evening to cod, as your father won't be in to dinner?"

The most interesting doubt concerning "Secret Bread" is the conjecture whether this novel, undeniably modern in tone and admirable in workmanship, is the product of an essentially Victorian mind striving toward the present, or of an iconoclastic modern mind harking back toward the days of Unity, Mass, and Coherence—that seemingly trinity. Quite apart, of course, from Miss Jesse's nieceship to the laureate, one must decide that she is one of the latest of the Victorians. Something in the firm grip which the immaculate Da Boase has on the history of events contributes to that decision. In this ungrateful vein of criticism two or three other objections may be made. "Secret Bread," like many another biographical novel, suffers from the author's proportioning. If Miss Jesse was not especially interested in the antepenultimate period of Ishmael's career, and was eager to hasten on to the brilliant conclusion ahead of her, she would have done better to omit some résumé chapters that report only the dotage and deaths of lesser characters. Ishmael himself made a stately old man. Moreover, with such a wealth of engaging men in the story, one's sense of balance is a little offended at the almost unexceptional unattractiveness of the women. Finally, it is not sufficiently clear that the lack of resentment in Ishmael's nature was simply absence of rancor and not absence of spirit. To this extent alone will we play the devil's advocate. Whether or not "Secret Bread" is a great novel, there is a fair measure of greatness in it. Not the least of its distinctions is its being an intelligent novel of these times with an actual plot again.

MYRON R. WILLIAMS.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

**TRIVIA.** By Logan Pearsall Smith. Double-day, Page; \$1.25.

It is not easy to be candid and charming in just this fragmentary way of "Trivia." These thumbnail essays read much better in quantity than separately in the pages of a magazine. Most of them are delightful in the quaint turn of their wit or in the revealing glimpse of personal whim. Perhaps there is more playful irony than real wit. Some of the little sketches are rather too "precious"; occasionally there is a veritable descent to flatness. The book shows a mild-mannered English gentleman reflecting on the figure he cuts not only in the country village where he lives, but in town society and in the Universe. The stars and the wheatfields, the Vicar of Lynch, the lady he is frozen to find himself boring, insects and the solar system, destiny and ennui all start his reflections. Perhaps many readers will give the little book up as all too appropriately named, but others will enjoy the beauty of the rhythm in these prose sentences and the sudden dénouement of a thought that is not quite so innocent as it looks. And there is to be found also a wisdom which almost spoils one's pleasure, for it irritates one that the author should have whittled down his ideas to so microscopic a form and left them with, on the whole, so spinsterly a flavor.

**ROOKIE RHYMES.** By The Men of the 1st and 2nd Provisional Training Regiments, Plattsburg. Harper; 75 cts.

The spirit of camping, in its holiday rather than its military sense, shines cheerfully out of the songs and jingles in which the rookies celebrate their labors. The little book of rookie rhymes is as smooth and jolly as its title, always facile, occasionally clever. These are such verses as a group of boys might make over the petty trials of a rough life, the lack of familiar creature comforts, their absurd misadventures, the rather engaging novelty of discipline. Seldom do they strike a solemn note. Their rhymes of hate might be heard on a football field, and except for a very few poems there is no reference to the work of war for which they are preparing, or to the agony they go to face. They have the schoolboy code of sportsmanship, and the reiterant word is here:

Better to pack your troubles with your kit,  
To keep your shirt on, and to play the game.

They have too, a lively sense of humor. With tender regret they lament the lack of the happy bowl:

All, all are gone, the old familiar glasses,  
Where once they glistened on the fragrant bar.

There is a sweet simplicity in F. E. Harpel's song about the unequipped cavalry:

The Cavalry, the Cavalry, they haven't any horse,  
They're taking riding lessons by a correspondence course,  
You'd think they were equestrians to hear the way they talk,  
But when it comes to riding, why! We always see them walk.

The illustrations parallel the verses in pleasant, if commonplace, good humor. The one young rookie who writes verses with a distinct quality of their own is Anch Kline, Co. 1, 1st P. T. R. His "They Believe Us Back Home" and "Sunday in Barracks" have that gentle irony which the other ready jingles do not achieve. They are written in free verse, and the author's sense of cadence makes the form adequate. On the whole it is an agreeable, and by that very token, a tragic little book.

**RECLAIMING THE ARID WEST.** By George Wharton James. Dodd, Mead; \$3.50.

When history is written for the next generation one of the bigger achievements for the good of mankind to be recorded will be the work of the United States Reclamation Service. Mr. James, who has made the study of the West a life work and has popularized this vast region in numerous volumes, has described in this work the development of some thirty irrigation projects scattered throughout the dry territory from Canada to Mexico. The data, collected largely from official documents, is dependable and possesses a greater degree of human interest than might have been given it by a less skilful writer. The part of the book of most interest to the general reader is perhaps that setting forth the government administration of the projects, the methods of encouragement to settlers, and the economic problems of the irrigated communities. The illustrations are numerous and good.

**ADVENTURES AND LETTERS OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.** Edited by his brother, Charles Belmont Davis. Scribner; \$2.50.

These letters were almost all addressed to the members of Richard Harding Davis's immediate family, and they give a veracious picture of the more intimate and personal life of the writer. They are tactfully edited, with a minimum of explanation and comment, and, except in the latter chapters, the selections have been wisely made. Here the long series addressed to the author's wife, consisting of little but protestations of love for her and their little daughter, become wearisome. Such expressions are not for the public, and these, coming from a man of Davis's age and worldly experience, seem to have



something almost strange and hectic about them. The best letters of all are those to the author's mother. It is impossible not to feel the genuineness and wholesomeness of these, and they reveal characteristics of the man never suggested by contemporary newspaper portrayals, which always hinted at something of superciliousness and pose.

Readers who, themselves young in the early nineties, remember how the first short stories of Richard Harding Davis seemed to them a promise of great and fine literary achievement, will try to trace in this new book the causes that led to a journalistic rather than a truly literary career. Early letters from Rebecca Harding Davis—for example, those printed on pages 33 and 55—express a mother's fears of this result, and caution against haste, and against writing for money alone. Part of this advice he followed well. A friend who knew him best in his later years says (page 348): "Every phrase in his fiction was, of all the myriad phrases he could think of, the fittest in his relentless judgment to survive. Phrases, paragraphs, pages, whole stories even, were written over and over again." It was probably the unbounded energy of the man, his fondness for life in all its aspects, and the possession of a rare gift for meeting, managing, and observing men that directed the course of his activities, and that still leaves his admirers in doubt whether he could have been as great a novelist as special correspondent. At all events he was a picturesque character; the well-chosen illustrations, equally with the text, of the book before us, are a reminder of how much of the history of the last generation he saw in the making, and how many men of world note he knew.

**MY STORY.** Being the Memoirs of Benedict Arnold. By F. J. Stimson. Scribner; \$2.

The tendency to levy upon history for characters in fiction has led Mr. Stimson to make a bold experiment. He gives us a narrative as proceeding from the pen of the arch-traitor of the American Revolution. The more than six hundred pages of this historical novel, if we may term it that, purport to give a detailed account of Arnold and his career. They show a careful study of some sides of the Revolution and a still more exhaustive study of the life of the hero. For it is as a hero that Arnold is pictured. Not a satisfactory hero, however; for while Mr. Stimson's acquaintance with sources will not permit him to suppress facts, his conception of Arnold is fully as imaginative as it is historical. The result is, of course, inconsistency. Another difficulty under which Mr. Stimson labors is that his method allows him none of the advantages of

fiction. His book is not frankly a story, with the freedom and privileges of a story; it masquerades as autobiography and discards none of the material which the mere fictionist would ignore; it is therefore tedious and heavy at times. Finally, it is rather cynical. That Arnold was mistreated any student of the period will admit; that other men prominent then and still well thought of do not deserve their reputations, will be conceded; but there were splendid men in those times, a fact of which Mr. Stimson's readers may grow forgetful. In short, "My Story" is not good fiction on the one hand, or sound history on the other. It is a bold experiment but, taken by and large, it is not a success.

**THE CRUISE OF THE CORWIN.** Journal of the Arctic Expedition of 1881 in search of DeLong and the Jeannette. By John Muir. Edited by William Frederic Badé. Houghton Mifflin; \$2.75.

The Corwin cruised in search of the ill-fated Jeannette Expedition in Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean, along the coasts of Siberia and Alaska, visiting Herald Island, and made the first landing of white explorers on Wrangell Land. John Muir accompanied this searching party and his private journals, letters published at the time in the San Francisco "Bulletin," and his contributions to the government reports of the Corwin's explorations have been skilfully woven by the editor into a connected narrative of the summer's cruise amidst the ice-floes, fogs, and storms of these little known seas. John Muir was an interpreter of nature and of men, an observer of rare acumen and marvelously sympathetic approach. This rare quality, combined with his own zest in exploration, undaunted valor, and unreserved worship of the beautiful on land and sea, lift his writings above the commonplace narrative to the level of permanent distinction. The appendix contains valuable notes on glaciation and glaciers in these high latitudes, with illustrations from Muir's sketches and his notes on the Arctic flora.

**THE NATIONAL BUDGET SYSTEM AND AMERICAN FINANCE.** By Charles Wallace Collins. Macmillan; \$1.25.

The naïve belief that providence takes care of children, drunken men, and the United States is singularly well illustrated by the strange fact that, among the great nations of the world, the United States is the only one without the adequate knowledge and necessary control of its public finances afforded by a budget. Any well-managed enterprise would have an annual budget with its consideration of income and expenditure



and the measures necessary to make these two items balance. The same should be true of a state, because an adequate revenue must be had in order to meet necessary expenditure. In most countries the executive is made responsible for the preparation, as well as for the execution, of the budget. Here in the United States nobody in particular is responsible for the annual finances. Responsibility is scattered over the entire range of governmental organization and divided among a number of detached sections. The departments are responsible to the treasury or to the president for their estimates, the committees of the two houses are not responsible to any central organization, and the two houses themselves are responsible to the people only by localities. There has been a shifting of the blame for our finances from the executive to Congress, from the house to the senate, from the committees to the floor of the two houses, from Congress to the executive, and even from Congress to the people. Thus is the idea of responsibility reduced to an absurdity. Chaos, log-rolling, and either a surplus or a deficit in the national revenues are the result. Presidents Taft and Wilson have both urged the adoption of some form of budget system. Fiscal reform will be one of the great needs after the present great war, and Mr. Collins shows in a clear and interesting way why and how the United States should look after its finances in a better way than it has in the past.

**CHATHAM'S COLONIAL POLICY.** By Kate Hotblack. Dutton; \$2.50.

The twentieth-century student will misjudge the elder Pitt unless he remembers that the eighteenth century was one marked by European contests for commerce and power; for there ran through Pitt's entire public career the motive of "war for and on commerce" for the benefit of England. In short chapters, richly annotated, sometimes based upon unpublished manuscripts and records, Miss Hotblack has reviewed Pitt's influence in all parts of the globe. She shows her hero as a man with lofty ideals, a statesman with infinite patience, careful of minute details, and with a strong sense of justice. Contrary to the opinion of many political leaders of the day, Pitt firmly maintained that colonies should be a source of commerce for the mother country, not of direct revenue. Some of his last efforts were made to prevent imposition of taxes upon America; but Miss Hotblack shows that the protest against "taxation without representation" did not mean then what modern writers understand by the term. Pitt, in one of his last speeches, supported the plea of American representatives that the colonies be permitted to govern themselves in the British Empire.

**COÖPERATIVE MARKETING.** By W. W. Cumberland. Princeton University Press; \$1.50.

The subject of coöperative marketing of farm products has been growing in public appreciation for some years, and present food shortages and distribution problems have greatly accentuated this interest. This volume is a detailed study of the best-developed field of coöperative marketing in this country, the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which in the last twenty years has grown from humble beginnings to a position from which it superintends the packing and marketing of three-fourths of the citrus products of the Golden State. With its general manager, earning a salary of \$10,000 a year, and its corps of experienced salesmen and traffic experts, this is one of the best and most scientifically organized businesses in the world, bringing profits to the producer and economy to the consumer through its elimination of the superfluous middleman. The development of the enterprise, in the face of all sorts of unfriendly interests, constitutes a chapter from real modern romance. Its success may well serve as a stimulus, as its methods may afford a model, for coöperation in other fields of food-production and distribution.

**THE BOOK OF THE WEST INDIES.** By A. Hyatt Verrill. Dutton; \$2.50.

Although it treats of practically every island of the West Indian archipelago, with the addition of Bermuda, this volume scarcely justifies its title; it is a book, rather than *the* book. Purposing to be a combination guide, history, and general description, it fails to be adequate in any single attempt. To accomplish so much would be difficult even in a single, moderate sized volume; therefore Mr. Verrill almost inevitably gives the impression of sketchiness. Furthermore his style is hardly meticulous—for example, he speaks of the "healthy" climate when he means, of course, a "healthful"; and his too insistent habit of inverting subject and predicate in descriptive paragraphs deteriorates into a mere mannerism. But interest is not lacking. Many historical tidbits are served—the plot wherein George Washington secured a hundred barrels of gunpowder from the Bermudians; the marriage of Lord Nelson and the birth of Alexander Hamilton in Nevis, of the Leeward Islands; in Martinique the birth of the child who was to become the Empress Josephine; and the first public appearance of Adelina Patti in Santiago, Cuba. The intending tourist is told what he may see and a few hints are given as to the costs that are to be reckoned with. The book is copiously illustrated from photographs.

## CASUAL COMMENT

ANCIENT WISDOM SOMETIMES COMES to our aid in the attempt to understand the bewildering chaos of events we call the world war. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" seems a guiding aphorism for comprehension of the antics of the Pangermans. We don't know whether Hindenburg boasted that he would be in Paris by April, as reported in the press. But we hope so. Nor is there confirmation of the dispatch which told us that the German delegates at Brest-Litovsk threatened to capture Petrograd unless the Russians should at once conclude a separate peace satisfactory to Berlin. But again we hope they did. Our compassion goes out to the courageous German strikers who were imprisoned. Yet even in this case, can we honestly pretend that we are sorry? History, if it teaches us anything, teaches us that an autocratic and unpopular clique, losing control, displays certain stigmata of degeneration. It brags about the overwhelming love which unites it with its people, at the same time ruthlessly suppressing any signs of discontent. It tries to disguise an inner weakness by an outward bluster that all is going well. Von Hertling exhibited the typical sort of sickening hypocrisy when he said, "In the officers and the men lives unbroken the joy of battle." The old, old circle is closing in upon the German tyrants exactly as it has closed in upon the tyrants of history. Their boasts become more and more absurd, their performances more meagre, their threats more dire, their strangulation of their own people more shameless and severe. "Wise men," the proverb tells us, "learn by other men's mistakes; fools, by their own." From this point of view the men in control of Germany today, are lower in the scale of human intelligence than even fools. They cannot learn by their own mistakes.

. . .

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE ITS FOUNDATION seventeen years ago the Nobel Prize for literature goes to Denmark. The award for excellence has been divided between the two Danish authors Henrik Pontoppidan and Karl Gjellerup. Is it possible that politics were not left wholly out of consideration in making the choice for 1917? Certain circumstances seem to justify a suspicion. Visible efforts for a rapprochement between Sweden and Denmark have recently been made by the royal families and diplomatic leaders of the two countries. No doubt it is a ticklish business to determine on a candidate in a time of world war. Obviously if Sweden, as a neutral state, were to select an author from the warring nations, criticism from the opposite

side might easily become bitter. And to divide between both sides presents almost insuperable difficulties. Yet admitting gladly that the high standard of modern Danish literature justifies this year's choice of nationality aside from any political aptness, why were these particular authors selected? One feels abashed at quarrelling with the Royal Academy of Sweden, that august body of eighteen men and one woman (Selma Lagerlöf being the sole representative for womankind). But there is one Danish name which, unsought, stands in the foreground, the name of Georg Brandes. Nor should we have been other than pleased had Martin Anderson Nexö been chosen. His "Pelle the Conqueror," picturing the life and career of a modern labor leader, ranks as one of the great books of today, and critics have agreed that it possesses "the literary qualities that burst the bonds of nations." Perhaps the stipulation in Alfred Nobel's will which makes it imperative that the winners should represent the "idealistic tendency" in literature has been taken too literally. Nobel reacted strongly from the pessimistic naturalism which dominated Scandinavian literature in the later part of the nineteenth century. "Idealistic," however, is a flexible adjective: it would be a pity to create a stable dogma. The currents and forces of literature change with the currents and forces of life, and any specific form our writers of today may choose demands tolerant interpretation.

. . .

IDEALISM, IN THE OLDER SENSE, is certainly one quality which Pontoppidan and Gjellerup, otherwise of diametrically different temperaments, have in common. Of the two, Pontoppidan is the more individual. Born in a family of whom his father and several other members were clergymen, he is deeply interested in the many sectarian movements characteristic of the peasant class in his youth. Although he began as an aggressive realist, a religious feeling is present in his later books. In his many novels picturing Danish life—its religion, politics, art, and home-sphere—an all absorbing search for Truth is manifest. He does not look at his characters from a respectful distance; their souls are analyzed. He exhibits sober mastery of a clear, sometimes biting or quietly humorous style. Among Pontoppidan's foremost works stands the trilogy "The Promised Land," and the great cycle appearing in the last seven years: "Torben and Jytte," "Storeholt," "Publicans and Sinners," "Enslew's Death," and "Fav-singsholm." Henrik Pontoppidan might be called Denmark's Björnstjerne Björnson, his work often recalling the great Norwegian's, though lacking its dominant grandeur of

conception. . . Karl Gjellerup, who with Pontoppidan divides the prize, has behind him an exceptionally versatile literary production, comprising lyric poetry, novels, scientific works, dramas, even a tragedy in old verse. It is a wide step from the challenging novel of his youth, "An Idealist," to his recent book, "The Pilgrim Kamanita," a beautiful work full of the mysticism of the East and the teaching of Buddha. Here the fiery idealism of his earlier writing has been sobered by a life of philosophic research and scientific study.

. . .

ANNUALLY OUR GREAT LIBRARY in Washington reminds us afresh of its riches and announces the year's accretions. For 1917, in spite of war and rumors of war, the Librarian of Congress has no occasion to apologize. The biographers of Whistler, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, have presented the library with their notable assemblage of Whistleriana, which adds to the most complete existing collection of prints, etchings, photographs, and other reproductions all the books by and about the painter, a comprehensive representation of works in which his art is discussed, some 60 folio volumes of press and magazine clippings, catalogues of exhibits, and several hundred letters. Doubtless the next most important acquisitions are the numerous items of Americana, including John Wesley's journal of his trip to Georgia, Sir Walter Raleigh's description of Guiana ("*auri abundantissimi*"), Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York" with unpublished corrections by the author, and in manuscript the personal papers of Charles Thomson (Secretary of the Continental Congress throughout its life), as well as papers of Robert Morris, James Madison, Andrew Jackson Donelson (nephew and secretary to Andrew Jackson), and of many other worthies who have enjoyed peculiar opportunities to observe our history in the making. The Music Division can now boast nearly 800,000 items; manuscript-scores by many important composers were added last year. Some 5000 additions were made to the collection of prints. A striking part of the report discusses accessions from China, Japan, and their neighborhood even to Tibet, of which upwards of 6600 were secured. Altogether the Congressional Library is richer now by 120,769 items (exclusive of manuscripts, which are not counted) than it was a year ago. Of these some 86,000 items are printed books and pamphlets—eight times the number of books published here last year. Minds not yet made numb by the iteration of the vast totals of war finance may feel a pardonable thrill in the fact that our national library now contains (still excepting manuscripts) nearly four million titles.

ARE THE COURTS USURPING THE FUNCTIONS of criticism? Some months ago Judge Tuthill of Chicago ruled that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. It now comes to light that a member of the Eastern bench had anticipated that precedent in literary criticism. Apropos of a recent divorce, a newspaper quotes from an earlier decision provoked by the same couple's matrimonial difficulties, a decision handed down by Justice Borst of New York. He said: "After becoming acquainted, the defendant paid the plaintiff attention, and from his letters and conduct was evidently much enamored of her, writing her numerous letters, and even lapsing into poetry, *which, from its composition, was evidently original with him*" (italics ours). At this point somebody—whether the learned judge or the reporter, indeed, does not clearly appear—has kindly introduced "a specimen of this poetry." Although entitled, originally enough, "To Eleanor from L. R.," the fifteen lines introduced are those of a favorite song which the merely literary world has for nearly three centuries ignorantly accepted as Robert Herrick's—the lines "To a Rose," beginning:

Go, happy rose, and, interwove  
With other flowers, bind my love. . .

and ending:

Lest a handsome anger fly,  
Like a lightning, from her eye  
And burn thee up as well as I.

To be sure, there are textual variations, "from her eye" becoming "from the sky" for instance; but they are only such variations as seem inevitable to newspaper quotation. For the decree that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon we were not altogether unprepared; this decree that Herrick's songs were written by an American lover is, however, revolutionary. Is the critical fraternity too weakly divided against itself to present a solid front to the encroaching judiciary?

. . .

WRITING FROM LONDON Mr. Edward Shanks discussed, in the preceding issue of THE DIAL, Robert Graves and his "odd mongrel of a book called 'Fairies and Fusiliers' . . . the kind of book that calls for a personal recommendation." Of this poet the New York "Evening Post" quotes an anecdote by John Masefield, who has lately returned to America: "Graves was picked up for dead. He heard them say he was dead and he called out, 'I'm not dead. I'm damned if I'll die.' And he didn't. And he wrote a poem about it." Mr. Masefield cites Graves as one of the young men who are writing "the best poetry written in England now. . . These poems come out of experience—hard, big, deep experience."



*Three Large Printings  
In Thirteen Days!*

## THE BOLSHEVIKI and WORLD PEACE

by

# LEON TROTZKY

(Russian Foreign Minister)

The man the Wall Street Journal says  
Is Fated to Exert a Greater Influence  
on the Destinies of the World than  
Napoleon Bonaparte.

"The Bolsheviks and World Peace," shows Trotzky's keen conception, and straight-forward detestation of the German war aims, and the German spirit in international politics. Trotzky's great stroke has been the unmasking of the German war aims."  
—*Springfield Republican*.

"Leon Trotzky's confession of faith is naturally the most conspicuous book of the week. This work is the most explicit exposition that has yet appeared of Russian Revolutionary socialism in its relation to the war, and cannot but be of interest to American readers."—*New York Evening Post*.

"The book presents a fair picture of the man, and illuminates the principles upon which his policy at Brest-Litovsk is based."—*The New Republic*.

Wherever Books Are Sold  
**\$1.50**

**BONI & LIVERIGHT, Publishers**  
NEW YORK

### COMMUNICATION

A LITERARY MIDDLE ENGLISH READER  
(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I should like to say a word for a book that may easily escape your attention. The "Literary Middle English Reader," by Professor Albert S. Cook (Ginn; \$2), bears a title suggestive of pedagogy and pedestrianism; yet a careful examination convinces me that it is, in its limits, an important service to literature. The English language from the Conquest to the Reformation is, indeed, a philological paradise; but to the seeker of literary satisfactions it presents a first appearance like the Plain of Shinar at the moment the building of the Tower of Babel came to an end.

Those, however, who love our language and literature because, apart from their merits, they are our very own, cannot but be strongly drawn to Professor Cook's volume, the first representative anthology of Middle English that has aimed to make literary interest the sole criterion of selection. Middle English has but two classics some knowledge of which is necessary for all English-speaking persons who aspire to be well read. These classics are Chaucer and Malory. Professor Cook, however, who brings to his task a wide and close acquaintance with his subject, and an enthusiasm that has perhaps never been surpassed, has demonstrated that besides Chaucer and Malory there is in Middle English a large amount that is at least readable, much that is decidedly interesting, and a few things that even evoke enthusiasm.

The book is excellent alike for what it includes and for what it omits. The "Ormulum" is where it belongs—outside the volume. So is the "Ayenbite of Inwit," that curiously prosaic composition which so distinguished an archaeologist as Mr. Ridgeway once guessingly called "a poem." A few only of the happy inclusions in Mr. Cook's volume may be mentioned. The "Secunda Pastorum" is rapidly winning recognition as a work of genius. To my thinking "Gawain and the Green Knight" is of unequal merit. The ethics of the poem are mushy. Professor Cook has selected from those passages, fraught with adventure and a feeling for nature, which show real genius. He gives a liberal selection from the better lyric poetry of the period. "Sir Orfeo" is a really pretty perversion of the story of Orpheus. The passages selected from "Piers the Plowman" really exhibit that poem at its best. "The Fox and the Wolf" is distinguished by a sly humor and a happy characterization that remind one—not too distinctly—of Chaucer.

The format of the book is convenient, the printing is excellent. Professor Cook has supplied each selection with an introduction. A series of glosses at the foot of each page does much to make the book intelligible to the general reader. Whatever defects the specialist may spy in the execution, I would urge that a note of them be sent to the editor. If I were engaged in teaching Middle English, I should regard some use of the book as absolutely indispensable for those who wish to begin the study under favorable auspices.

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

New Haven, Connecticut.



## NOTES AND NEWS

Edward Garnett, who writes in this issue about Edward Thomas, is the second son of the English scholar, Richard Garnett. He is the author of "The Breaking Point," "The Feud," and "The Paradox Club," and of books on Hogarth and Tolstoy.

Myron R. Williams is a graduate of Harvard who is now teaching in the Hartford, Connecticut, High Schools.

The other contributors to this issue are familiar to readers of *THE DIAL*.

Last month T. Fisher Unwin published Jean Massart's account of "The Secret Press in Belgium."

"Our Schools in War Time—and After," by Arthur D. Dean of Teachers College, Columbia, is on the list of Ginn & Co.

The Macmillan Co. published in January Edoardo Webber's technicolour dictionary in English, French, Italian, and German, with the four languages in parallel columns.

Among the early February publications of Small, Maynard is "Buddy's Blighty and Other Verses from the Trenches," by Lieut. Jack Turner, a Canadian.

The Four Seas Co. announce "The Gentleman Ranker and Other Plays," by Leon Gordon, and "The Path of Error and Other Stories," by Joseph M. Meirovitz.

The Brooklyn Public Library has recently issued a brochure, "Dramatized Tales," which lists nearly two hundred plays founded upon popular tales, prose and verse, in all languages. An appendix adds some "novelized dramas."

Edward J. Clode has lately announced the publication of "The Story of the Salonica Army," by G. Ward Price, and "If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?" by Edward Clodd, with a Postscript by H. E. Armstrong, F.R.S.

February sales at the Anderson Galleries in New York include a large library of Shakespereana, offered on the thirteenth and fourteenth, and Mr. Stephen Caplin's collection of Americana, scheduled for the nineteenth and twentieth.

Early February issues from Harper's are "In Our First Year of War," by President Wilson; "Traveling under Orders," by Major William E. Dunn; and a new novel by Kate Langley, "Kitty Canary."

B. W. Huebsch has now added the seventh volume to the "Collected Dramas" of Hauptmann, which brings the dramatist's work down to the war. Among these pieces is the "Commemoration Masque," which the Crown Prince ordered withdrawn from the stage after its first presentation, in Breslau in 1913.

The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations has recently established a secular press under the publishing style of the Woman's Press. Its first announcement promises a book by Mary Austin on the young woman citizen, looking toward instruction in political technique for feminine voters.

## From STOKES' Spring List

Will German Women Stop the War?

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

answers this question in her stirring novel  
of the German Revolution that may come

THE

## WHITE MORNING

Based on a startling idea, with an intense love interest, and told as only Gertrude Atherton could tell it—it's a story that everyone thinking about the War will want to read.

"The story is enthralling. It holds a fierce, pitiless love story; it is crowded with living characters, and moves before a vivid background. . . . A book that will be read far and wide over the world. . . . Alive with the beat of the pulse of this time."—N. Y. Times.  
Cloth, 12mo, net \$1.00

## THE NEW BUSINESS

OF FARMING By JULIAN A. DIMOCK

How to put the farm on a paying basis by a man who did it; how to stop the leak in profits; how to farm for profit; what to plant and when—these are some of the main subjects treated in this condensed handbook on the business side of farming. A book for the city man who returns to the soil and for the "born and bred" farmer. Net \$1.00

ARMY AND NAVY  
UNIFORMS AND INSIGNIA

By COL. DION WILLIAMS

The latest, most accurate information, taken directly from official sources, regarding the uniforms and insignia of the American army and navy, and of all the fighting powers. The illustrations—117 in black-and-white and 8 in full color—form a complete and authentic record of the uniforms, corps and specialty marks of the nations represented. Net \$1.50

Notable PoetryA CELTIC  
PSALTERY

By ALFRED P. GRAVES

English versions of a wide selection of Irish and Welsh poems. Net \$1.75

ARDOURS AND  
ENDURANCES By ROBERT NICHOLS

Poems of rare beauty by a young English soldier. Net \$1.50

THE GREY FEET  
OF THE WIND By CATHAL O'BYRNE

Poems essentially Gaelic, full of beauty and the magic lore of the Gael. Net \$1.00

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

## READING FOR "ENFORCED HOLIDAYS"

Where "Heatless Mondays" are the rule, they will at least give us all a chance to read those books which are really worth while such as the four new ones below.



### CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS

By CAPT. ALAN BOTT, M.C., R.F.C.

Net \$1.25

Here is "unexaggerated fact" by one who faced the machine guns of the Boche on the giddy roof of things. This book gives you a clear comprehension of the whole thrilling business of wartime flying so full of amazing possibilities that the author prophesies "aviation will be the destruction of war."

### THE FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION

By DANA GATLIN

Net 50 cents

In this story is wonderfully compressed the essence of the spirit of those who march away to war and those who must stay behind.

### THE KENTUCKY WARBLER

By JAMES LANE ALLEN, author of "A Kentucky Cardinal," etc.

Net \$1.25

The study of a lad buried in the great adventure of finding himself. The book can be read in a few hours, but the fascination it exerts lasts and grows.—*New York Times*.

### THE FALSE FACES

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Net \$1.40

The *New York Tribune* says of this tale of "The Lone Wolf" at war: "We have indeed seldom read a more incessantly fascinating detective or secret service tale than this. There is literally not a dull page in it."

For Sale At All Bookstores

**DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.**  
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

The February list of Longmans, Green & Co. includes "The Secret of Personality," by George Trumbull Ladd; "Physical Chemistry of the Proteins," by T. Brailsford Robertson; and "The Life of John Cardinal McCloskey, First Prince of the Church in America," by Cardinal Farley.

Two forthcoming offerings of the Century Co. are "Roving and Fighting: Adventures under Four Flags," by "Tex" O'Reilly (Edward S.), soldier of fortune, and "Donald Thompson in Russia," being letters home from a free lance newspaper photographer and moving-picture man.

The Scribners announce the seasonable publication of "The Voice of Lincoln," by R. M. Wanamaker, a Justice of the Ohio Supreme Court. The book is an attempt to reveal Lincoln through his own many-sided utterances, with the biographical and historical significance of the selections discussed by the author.

The poems which appeared as chapter-headings in Thomas Burke's "Nights in Town," with others in the same vein, are collected in his "London Lamps," just published by Robert M. McBride & Co. Late this month it will be followed by the author's "Twinkletoes," a novel in which some of the persons of "Limehouse Nights" reappear.

For February the Stokes Co. offer in fiction "The Girl from Keller's," by Harold Bindloss, and "Stepsons of France," by P. C. Wren. Their general list includes "A Celtic Psaltery," by A. P. Graves; "Ardours and Endurances," by Robert Nichols; and "The New Business of Farming," by Julian A. Dimock.

With "Red Ruth," a novel of the "birth of universal brotherhood," by Anna Ratner Shapiro, the Arc Publishing Company, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, makes its bow. It will specialize in fiction. "Red Ruth," which begins where the war leaves off, is a utopian prophecy of America's part in the reconstruction of a Europe still prostrate many years after the close of hostilities.

Mr. Philip Goodman, one of the latest comers to the New York publishing field, has announced his books for the new year: "Forty-Nine Little Essays," by H. L. Mencken; "How's Your Second Act?" by Arthur Hopkins; and "A Book Without a Title," by George Jean Nathan. This spring he will issue books by Benjamin de Casseres, Eugene Lombard, and Don Marquis.

For February G. P. Putnam's Sons offer four war books: "First Call," by Arthur Empey; "Air-craft and Submarine," by Willis J. Abbott; and "Tactics and Duties for Trench Fighting," by Georges Bertrand, a captain in the *Chasseurs Alpins*, and Major Oscar N. Solbert of the United States Corps of Engineers.

On February 14 Henry Holt & Co. will publish "Camion Letters," a collection of letters from American college men who have been Camionneurs (drivers of ammunition wagons) in France; on February 28, "The Problems of the Actor," by Louis Calvert; on March 7, "Professor Latimer's Progress," the book title of the anonymous "Atlantic Monthly" serial, "Professor's Progress"; and later in the spring DeMorgan's last novel, "The Old Mad House."

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[The following list, containing 111 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## THE WAR.

- The Bolshevik and World Peace.** By Leon Trotsky. Introduction by Lincoln Steffens. With frontispiece, 12mo, 239 pages. Boni & Liveright. \$1.50.
- A French-English Military Dictionary.** By Cornelius De Witt Wilcox. 8vo, 584 pages. Harper & Bros. \$4.
- The Prisoner of War in Germany.** The Care and Treatment of the Prisoner of War, with a History of the Development of the Principle of Neutral Inspection and Control. By Daniel J. McCarthy. Illustrated, 8vo, 345 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2.
- The New Warfare.** By G. Blanchon. Translated by Fred Rothwell. 12mo, 254 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
- Six Women and the Invasion.** By Gabrielle and Marguerite Yerta. With preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 12mo, 377 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.
- To Arms! (La Veillée des Armes.)** By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Lucy H. Humphrey. With a preface by John H. Finley. 12mo, 292 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Potterat and the War.** By Benjamin Vallotton. 12mo, 326 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Campaigns and Intervals.** By Lieut. Jean Girardoux. Translated by Elizabeth S. Sargent. 12mo, 273 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
- On the Field of Honor.** By Hugues Le Roux. Translated by Mrs. John Van Vorst. 12mo, 281 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
- Comrades in Courage.** (Méditations dans la Tranchée.) By Lieut. Antoine Redier. Translated by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson. 12mo, 260 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.40.
- At the Serbian Front in Macedonia.** By E. P. Stebbing. Illustrated with photographs by the author. 12mo, 245 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- Marching on Tanga.** (With Gen. Smuts in East Africa.) By Francis Brett Young. Illustrated, 12mo, 265 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Facing the Hindenburg Line.** Personal Observations at the Fronts and in the Camps of the British, French, Americans, and Italians, during the Campaigns of 1917. By Burris A. Jenkins. 12mo, 268 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.
- A Roumanian Diary: 1915, 1916, 1917.** By Lady Kennard. Illustrated, 12mo, 201 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
- Letters of a Canadian Stretcher-Bearer.** By "R. A. L." Edited by Anna Chapin Ray. 12mo, 259 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35.
- Visions and Vignettes of War.** By Maurice Ponsonby. 12mo, 116 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. Boards, \$1.
- America Among the Nations.** By H. H. Powers. 12mo, 376 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Democracy and the War.** By John Firman Coar. 12mo, 129 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- Democracy After the War.** By J. A. Hobson. 12mo, 212 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- The Collapse of Superman.** By William Roscoe Thayer. 16mo, 77 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 60 cts.
- The Scar That Tripled.** By William G. Shepherd. 12mo, 48 pages. Harper & Bros. Boards, 50 cts.
- Military and Naval Recognition Book.** A Handbook on the Organization, Insignia of Rank, and Customs of the Service of the World's Important Armies and Navies. By Lieut. J. W. Bunkley, U. S. N. Illustrated, 16mo, 224 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co., New York. \$1.
- Hand-to-Hand Fighting.** A System of Personal Defense for the Soldier. By A. E. Marriott. With a foreword by Benjamin S. Gross. Illustrated, 16mo, 80 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.

## FICTION.

- South Wind.** By Norman Douglas. 12mo, 464 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60.
- The White Morning.** By Gertrude Atherton. With frontispiece, 12mo, 195 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.
- Nine Tales.** By Hugh de Selincourt. With an introduction by Harold Child. 12mo, 311 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

"You Germans have only one will, and that is My will; there is only one law and that is My law; only one master in this country, that is I, and who opposes Me I shall crush to pieces."  
—Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany.

## A Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany

August 1st, 1914—April 6th, 1917

(Based on Official Documents)

By James Brown Scott

An authentic account of the conduct of the United States during the period of neutrality. Every step up to the actual declaration of war is fully treated. Also an extended introduction comprising quotations from the writings of leading German authors as Frederick the Great, Treitschke, Bernhardi, Bismarck, etc., showing the German Conceptions of the State, International Policy and International Law.

Royal 8vo, cloth, 506 pages, net \$5.00

At all Booksellers or from the Publishers



**OXFORD**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS  
AMERICAN BRANCH  
NEW YORK



## Important New Publications

### Principles of American Diplomacy

By John Bassett Moore

Crown 8vo, \$2.00

### National Progress, 1907-1917

(American Nation Series)

By Frederic A. Ogg

Maps, Crown 8vo, \$2.00

### French-English Military Dictionary

By Col. Cornelius De Witt Wilcox, U.S.A.

Octavo, \$4.00

### Your Vote and How To Use It

By Mrs. Raymond Brown

12mo, Cloth, 75 Cents

### The Scar That Tripled

By William G. Shepherd

Frontispiece, Thin, 12mo, Paper Boards, Cloth Back, 50 Cents

### A History of Architecture

By Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell

Fully Illustrated, Crown 8vo, \$3.00

### Traveling Under Orders

A Guidebook for Troops En Route to France

By Major William J. Dunn, N.A.

32mo, Khaki Cloth, 50 Cents

HARPER & BROTHERS, Established 1817

## GREAT WAR, BALLADS

By *Brookes More*

Readers of the future (as well as today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having a historical basis—and inspired by the war.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful and pathetic ballads.—

True to life and full of action.

**\$1.50 Net**

For Sale by *Brentano's; The Baker & Taylor Co., New York; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; St. Louis News Co., and All Book Stores*

**THRASH-LICK PUBLISHING CO.**

Fort Smith, Arkansas, U. S. A.

"An important contribution to present-day questions." —*Los Angeles Times*.

## Socialism and Feminism

By *CORREA MOYLAN WALSH*

3 volumes, octavo

**\$4.50 net**

Sold separately:

The Climax of Civilization **\$1.25 net**

Socialism **\$1.50 net**

Feminism **\$2.50 net**

"In fact these are the ablest anti-socialistic books the reviewer has ever seen."

—*The Boston Transcript*.

**STURGIS & WALTON CO.** New York

Those who buy

## TEXT BOOKS

for schools, colleges, private institutions, will find our *Catalogue of School and College Text Books* a convenient reference book.

It lists the books of all publishers, including nearly every book used to any general extent as a text book. Write for a copy.

**THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.**

Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers  
354 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK At 26th Street

## Columbia University Press

(LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents)

**New Catalogue of Meritorious Books**  
Now Ready

AMERICAN BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS sent to any address, here or abroad

DIRECT IMPORTATION FROM ALL ALLIED AND NEUTRAL COUNTRIES

**LEMCKE & BUECHNER** (Established 1848)

30-32 W. 27th Street, New York

**Under the Hermes, and Other Stories.** By Richard Dehan. 12mo, 341 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

**Mary Regan.** By Leroy Scott. Illustrated, 12mo, 385 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

**The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis.** By Roland Pertwee. Illustrated, 12mo, 332 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

**Mistress of Men.** By Flora Annie Steel. 12mo, 368 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.40.

**The Golden Block.** By Sophie Kerr. With frontispiece, 12mo, 323 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.40.

**The Mystery of the Downs.** By Watson and Rees. 12mo, 306 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.40.

**Cleek, the Master Detective.** By T. W. Hanshew. Illustrated, 12mo, 343 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.40.

**Carolyn of the Corners.** By Ruth Belmore Endicott. Illustrated, 12mo, 318 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35.

**Red Ruth.** The Birth of Universal Brotherhood. By Anna Ratner Shapiro. Illustrated, 12mo, 268 pages. Arc Publishing Co., Chicago. \$1.35.

### POETRY AND DRAMA.

**Oxford Poetry, 1914-1916.** 12mo, 190 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

**Poems.** By Edward Thomas ("Edward Eastaway"). With portrait, 12mo, 63 pages. Henry Holt & Co. Boards, \$1.

**The Last Blackbird, and Other Lines.** By Ralph Hodgson. 12mo, 95 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.35.

**The Binding of the Beast, and Other War Verse.** By George Sterling. 12mo, 51 pages. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.

**Collected Poems.** By Charles V. H. Roberts. 12mo, 143 pages. The Torch Press, New York. Boards, \$1.25.

**Trackless Regions.** Poems. By G. O. Warren. 12mo, 118 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. Boards, \$1.25.

**Star-Drift.** By Brian Padraic O'Seasnaigh. 12mo, 100 pages. Four Seas Co. Boards, \$1.25.

**One Who Dreamed.** Songs and Lyrics. By Arthur Crew Inman. 12mo, 102 pages. Four Seas Co. \$1.25.

**Common Men and Women.** By Harold W. Gamman. 12mo, 60 pages. Four Seas Co. Boards, 60 cts.

**Thor.** By Felix E. Schelling. 12mo, 62 pages. Mrs. J. P. W. Crawford, 4010 Pine St., Philadelphia. 75 cts.

### THE ARTS.

**History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting.** Vol. II: Italian Painting from the Beginning of the Renaissance Period, including the Work of the Principal Artists from Cimabue to the Pollaiuoli. By James Ward. Illustrated, 8vo, 316 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.

**Sonata for Violin and Piano.** By Eric de Lamarter. 4to, 10+32 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. \$2.

### HISTORY.

**Les Dessous du Congrès de Vienne.** D'après les Documents Originaux des Archives du Ministère Impérial et Royal de l'Intérieur à Vienne. By Commandant M.-H. Weil. 2 vols., 8vo., 885-782 pages. Payot & Cie., Paris. Paper, 20 francs.

**A Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany: 1914-1917.** By James Brown Scott. 8vo, cxvi+390 pages. Oxford University Press. \$5.

**Norman Institutions.** Vol. 24 of the "Harvard Historical Studies." By Charles Homer Haskins. Illustrated, 8vo, 407 pages. Harvard University Press. \$2.75.

**The History of Europe from 1862 to 1914.** From the Accession of Bismarck to the Outbreak of the Great War. By Lucius Hudson Holt and Alexander Wheeler Chilton. With maps, 8vo, 625 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.60.

**National Progress, 1867-1917.** Being Vol. 27 of "The American Nation: a History." By Frederic Austin Ogg. With frontispiece and maps. 12mo, 430 pages. Harper & Bros. \$2.

**A Short History of France.** By Victor Duruy. 2 vols., 12mo, 528-569 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts. each.

**Ancient Law.** By Sir Henry Maine, K.C.S.I. With an introduction by J. H. Morgan. 12mo, 237 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.



## SCIENCE.

- Experiments in Psychical Research.** Being Psychological Research Monograph No. 1. By John Edgar Coover. Illustrated. 8vo, xxiv+641 pages. Stanford University Press. Paper, \$3.50; buckram, \$4; half-morocco, \$5.
- A Complete System of Nursing.** By A. Millicent Ashdown. Illustrated, 8vo, 761 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.
- An Introduction to Statistical Methods.** By Horace Secrist. Illustrated, 12mo, 482 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3.
- United States Magnetic Tables and Magnetic Charts for 1915.** By Daniel L. Hazard. With separate charts. 8vo, 256 pages. Government Printing Office.

## EDUCATION.

- Description of Industry: An Introduction to Economics.** By Henry C. Adams. 12mo, 270 pages. Henry Holt & Co.
- Plane Trigonometry, with Tables.** By Eugene Henry Barker. Illustrated, 8vo, 172 pages. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
- A Handbook of French Phonetics.** By William A. Nitze and Ernest H. Wilkins. With exercises by Clarence E. Parmenter. 12mo, 106 pages. Henry Holt & Co. Paper.
- Simplest Spoken French.** By W. F. Glese and Barry Cerf. 16mo, 110 pages. Henry Holt & Co.
- First Steps in Russian.** By J. Solomonoff. Illustrated, 12mo, 131 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. Boards, \$1.
- Russian Verbs Made Easy.** By Stephen J. Lett. 12mo, 59 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.
- Russian Proverbs and Their English Equivalents.** By Louis Segal. 16mo, 63 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.
- Moo-Moo and The District Doctor.** By Ivan Turgenyev. Edited, with introduction, vocabularies, and notes, by A. Raffi. 12mo, 104 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. Paper, 50 cts.
- Bela.** By Michail Yurievitch Lermontoff. Edited, with biography, notes, and vocabulary, by R. Biske. With map. 12mo, 100 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. Paper, 50 cts.
- From Brain to Keyboard. A System of Hand and Finger Control for Pianists and Students.** By Macdonald Smith. Illustrated, 12mo, 63 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, 60 cts.

## RELIGION.

- The Conversion of Europe.** By Charles Henry Robinson. With maps. 8vo, 640 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$6.
- Last Words on Great Issues.** By John Beattie Crosier. 8vo, 235 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.
- The Millennial Hope. A Phase of War-Time Thinking.** By Shirley Jackson Case. 12mo, 262 pages. University of Chicago Press. \$1.25.
- Simon, Son of Man.** By John I. Riegel and John H. Jordan. Illustrated, 12mo, 269 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.50.
- On the Bridge.** By Helen A. Ballard. 12mo, 191 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.
- The Manual of Inter-Church Work.** Edited by Rev. Roy B. Gould. With an introduction by Fred B. Smith. 12mo, 221 pages. Commission on Inter-Church Federations. New York.
- How to Face Life.** By Stephen S. Wise. 16mo, 62 pages. B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts.
- Children's Devotions.** By Gerrit Verkuy. 12mo, 59 pages. Presbyterian Board of Publications. 40 cts.

## JUVENILE.

- This Country of Ours.** By H. E. Marshall. Illustrated, 8vo, 612 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.
- Our Flag and Our Songs.** Compiled by H. A. Ogden. Illustrated, 12mo, 89 pages. Edward J. Clode. 60 cts.
- St. Nicholas.** By George H. McKnight. Illustrated, 12mo, 153 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.
- Letters from Harry & Helen.** Written down by Mary Blount White. 12mo, 287 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.
- Winona of Camp Karonya.** By Margaret Widemer. Illustrated, 12mo, 218 pages. J. B. Lipincott Co. \$1.25.

## "AT McCLURG'S"

*It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by*

## Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

*In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.*

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg &amp; Co., Chicago

## NEW AND FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

## The Influence of Italy on the Literary Career of Alphonse de Lamartine

By AGIDE PIRAZZINI, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50 net. In this volume the author shows that Italy exerted a much deeper influence on Lamartine than has heretofore been supposed.

## The Spirit of Protest in Old French Literature

By MARY MORTON WOOD, Ph.D. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50 net.

A study of the problems of social justice and personal liberty that interested the more thoughtful writers of medieval France.

## The Foundations and Nature of Verse

By CARY F. JACOB, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50 net. An attempt to answer these interesting questions: What common physical and psychological basis have prose, verse and music; What differentiates prose from verse and music from both; From the point of view of structure, what is verse?

## Aram and Israel, or the Aramaeans in Syria and Mesopotamia

By EMIL G. H. KRAELING, Ph.D. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50 net.

A book on the Aramaeans has long been a desideratum for students of Hebrew and Oriental History and this volume supplies the need.

## COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

LEMCKE &amp; BUECHNER, Agents

30-32 West 27th Street New York City

**F. M. HOLLY** Authors' and Publishers' Representative  
186 Fifth Avenue, New York (Established 1900)  
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.  
B. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENGL.

**ANNA PARMLY PARET**  
LITERARY AGENT  
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticize and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

**Autograph Letters of Famous People**  
Bought and Sold.—Send lists of what you have.  
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City  
Publisher of **THE COLLECTOR**: A Magazine for Autograph Collectors. \$1.00. Sample free.

A CATALOGUE of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War, Slavery and the South (including a number of scarce Confederate items) will be sent to collectors on request.  
W. A. GOUGH, 25 WEST 43d STREET, NEW YORK

**For the Book Lover** Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.  
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York

**THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION**  
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address  
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

**THE DIAL** may now be obtained at the leading newstands in the following cities:  
NEW YORK WASHINGTON  
BOSTON CHICAGO  
PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO  
LOS ANGELES

Two sample copies will be sent to any address upon receipt of 25c.

## AMERICANA

New Catalogue of 1000 titles, covering a large variety of subjects—mostly of rare books—including **THE WEST, INDIANS, REVOLUTION, COLONIAL HOUSES** and many other interesting topics. Sent free.

**GOODSPEED'S BOOKSHOP**  
BOSTON, MASS.

**The Blue Heron's Feather.** By Rupert Sargent Holland. Illustrated, 12mo, 301 pages. J. B. Lippincott. \$1.25.

**The Rhyme Garden.** By Marguerite Butler Allan. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 64 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25.

**Prince Melody in Music Land.** By Elizabeth Simpson. Illustrated, 12mo, 183 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

**The Breakfast of the Birds, and Other Stories.** From the Hebrew of Judah Steinberg. By Emily Solis-Cohen, Jr. Illustrated, 4to, 175 pages. Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.

**The Book of Holidays.** By J. W. McSpadden. Illustrated, 12mo, 309 pages. T. Y. Crowell Co. \$1.25.

**The Toils and Travels of Odysseus.** By C. A. Pease. Illustrated, 12mo, 340 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

**With the Children in Lewis Carroll's Company.** By William V. Kelley. With frontispiece, 12mo, 139 pages. The Abingdon Press. 75 cts.

**Tales of Washington Irving's Alhambra.** Simplified by Lella H. Cheney. Illustrated, 12mo, 120 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cts.

**The Boys' Book of Scouts.** By Percy K. Fitzhugh. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. T. Y. Crowell Co. \$1.25.

**The Boys' Book of Submarines.** By A. Frederick Collins. Illustrated, 12mo, 220 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35.

**A Boy on the Plains and in the Rockies.** By William Allen Greer. 12mo, 172 pages. Richard Badger. \$1.25.

**Money Making for Boys.** By A. Frederick Collins. Illustrated, 12mo, 243 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.

**The Girl Beautiful.** By Jean K. Baird. With frontispiece, 12mo, 220 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.

**Katie of Birdland.** By Edith Kinney Stellmann. Illustrated, 12mo, 40 pages. H. S. Crocker Co. Boards. 75 cts.

**Bettina Brown.** By One of Her Subjects. 12mo, 104 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

**Dolly and Danny.** By Zella Heinz Hanson. Illustrated, 8vo, 68 pages. Rand, McNally & Co.

### PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

**Trade Unionism in the United States.** By Robert F. Hoxie. 12mo, 426 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.

**Principles of Ocean Transportation.** By Emory R. Johnson and Grover G. Huebner. Illustrated, 8vo, 534 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.

**War Administration of the Railways in the United States and Great Britain.** By Frank Haigh Dixon and Julius H. Parmelee. 8vo, 155 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper.

**The Principles of American Diplomacy.** By John Bassett Moore. 12mo, 478 pages. Harper & Bros. \$2.

**The New Business of Farming.** By Julian A. Dimock. 12mo, 120 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Disasters and the American Red Cross in Disaster Relief.** By J. Byron Deacon. 16mo, 230 pages. Russel Sage Foundation. 75 cts.

**The Country Weekly.** By Phil C. Bing. 12mo, 347 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.

**How to Build Mental Power.** By Grenville Kleiser. 8vo, 595 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$3.

**Chess.** By David A. Mitchell. Illustrated, 16mo, 168 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 50 cts.

**The Harper Centennial, 1817-1917.** With frontispiece. 8vo, 166 pages. Harper & Bros. Boards. (For private distribution.)

**Lettres d'un Vieux Américain à un Français.** Traduites de l'Anglais par J.—L. Duplain. Préface de "Lysis." 12mo, 269 pages. Brentano. Paper. \$1.

**Viajando Por Sud America.** By Edward Albee. Edited by J. Warshaw. Illustrated, 12mo, 226 pages. Henry Holt & Co. 80 cts.

**Marketing and House Work Manual.** By S. Agnes Donham. 12mo, 241 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

**Savings and Savoury Dishes.** Cookery Recipes. Food Values, Household Hints. Published for the Patriotic Food League (Scotland). 8vo, 139 pages. Macmillan Co. Paper, 65 cts.

# "How I Save 51% on Typewriters"

## An Expert Buyer's Statement

*"Formerly the typewriters used in our office were priced at \$100 each. Now we buy Oliver's at \$49. This saving of half means a great deal to us because we use so many machines. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this Oliver Nine, which we buy direct from the maker. After using Oliver's we will never go back to \$100 machines. It is pure waste."*

Was  
\$100

**OLIVER Typewriters**  
Over 600,000 Sold

Now  
\$49

The Oliver Typewriter Company now sells direct. It has discarded old and wasteful ways. Formerly we had 15,000 salesmen and agents. We maintained expensive offices in 50 cities. These, and other costly practices, amounted to \$51, which the purchaser had to pay.

Our new way saves this \$51 and so we sell brand new Oliver Nines for \$49. This is the exact \$100 machine—not a change has been made. Such is our \$2,000,000 guarantee.

The entire facilities of the Oliver Typewriter Company are devoted exclusively to the manufacture and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

It is ridiculous to pay any attention to the rumor that we offer second hand or rebuilt Oliver's of an earlier model. This may be done by other concerns. So we warn people to answer only advertisements signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself.

### FREE TRIAL

Merely mail us the coupon and we will send you an Oliver for five days!



free trial. Try it at your office or at home. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of \$3 per month. If you return it, we will gladly refund the transportation charges. Old machines are accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

We hope to be able to maintain the \$49 price. But, if the cost of materials and labor continues to go up, we may be forced to increase this price. We do not wish to. We do not expect to. But we advise you to act now to be certain of getting your Oliver Nine at \$49.

The Oliver Nine has the universal standard keyboard. So any operator may turn to it without the slightest hesitation. And it has a dozen other features which attract. It is greatly simplified in construction, having 2000 fewer parts. It is noted for its freedom from trouble, great durability and easy operation.

### WHY BE WASTEFUL?

Whether you use 1 typewriter or 100, this new Oliver plan saves you half.

No machine does better work. No typewriter is speedier. None are more satisfactory in the long run than the Oliver Nine.

All this you can know for yourself very easily. You are your own salesman and decide for yourself.

Read the coupon. Note how simple our plan is. Then mail it today for either a free trial Oliver, or our amazing book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." With the latter we send an illustrated catalog describing the Oliver in detail.

Which for you? Check one or the other item on the coupon now.

Canadian Price \$62.65

**The Oliver Typewriter Company**

652 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.

Chicago, Ill.

Save  
Half

Mail  
Today

### Preferred By

United States Steel Corporation  
Montgomery Ward & Company  
Baldwin Locomotive Works  
Pennsylvania Railroad  
Lord & Thomas  
Columbia Graphophone Company  
Bethlehem Steel Co.  
National Cloak & Suit Company  
New York Edison Co.  
Cluett, Peabody & Co.  
National City Bank of New York  
Hart, Schaffner & Marx  
Encyclopedia Britannica  
American Bridge Co.  
International Harvester Company  
Diamond Match Co.  
Fore River Ship Building Corporation  
Boy Scouts of America  
Corn Products Refining Company  
Boston Elevated Railway

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY**  
652 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$49 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....  
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name .....  
Street Address .....  
City ..... State .....

When writing to advertisers please mention THE DIAL.

## WHAT IS MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE?

A Practical and Comprehensive Answer to This Question Will Be  
Found in an Original Work

# Man's Supreme Inheritance

By F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER

With an Introductory Word by Professor John Dewey of Columbia University

What are particularly original and valuable in this work are the author's analysis of the fundamental conditions of human evolution and his demonstration that the time has now arrived for adapting man's life to these conditions, not by a fatalistic surrender to blind atavism and retrograde instincts, but by the exercise of conscious intelligence, by a conscious guidance and control of the human organism and human conduct which will meet all the demands of an advancing civilization.

### Man's Supreme Inheritance constitutes a preventive and remedial measure to combat the ills of modern civilization

A practical system of physical and mental guidance and control is offered, based not on a specific, but on a general reeducation, coordination, and readjustment of the organism which commands adequate activity of the vital processes with the minimum of effort, and complete adaptability to an ever-changing environment.

### Prof. John Dewey of Columbia University in his prefatory word says:

"No one, it seems to me, has grasped the meaning, dangers, and possibilities of this change more lucidly and completely than Mr. Alexander. His account of the crises which have ensued upon this evolution IS A CONTRIBUTION TO A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF EVERY PHASE OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE. The ingeniously inclined will have little difficulty in paralleling Mr. Alexander's criticism of Physical Culture Methods within any field of our economic and political life. In his criticism of return or relapse to the simpler conditions from which civilized man has departed Mr. Alexander's philosophy appears in its essential features. He does not stop with a pious recommendation of such conscious control; HE POSSESSES AND OFFERS A DEFINITE METHOD FOR ITS REALIZATION, and even a layman can testify, as I am glad to do, to the efficiency of its working in concrete cases. IN THE LARGER SENSE OF EDUCATION, THIS WHOLE BOOK IS CONCERNED WITH EDUCATION. TRUE SPONTANEITY is henceforth not a birthright, but the last term, THE CONSUMMATE CONQUEST OF AN ART—THE ART OF CONSCIOUS CONTROL to the mastery of which MR. ALEXANDER'S BOOK SO CONVINCINGLY INVITES US."

### John Madison Taylor, M.D., Professor of Applied Therapeutics

Temple University, Philadelphia; for 16 years Assistant of S. Weir Mitchell, Travelling Physician with Joseph Pulitzer, and ranch associate of Theodore Roosevelt, writing to Mr. Alexander about the theory and method set forth in the book, says: "I feel that you have reached

### THE HEART OF A GREAT MATTER

which I shall watch with keen interest in its later developments. Do put your views on record fully, and make many revisions and elaborations so long as you live. It will prove

### A NOTABLE CONTRIBUTION TO HUMAN WELFARE

If it be practicable, I shall come to you and beg opportunity to learn at first hand. I particularly congratulate you on your ability to reduce to practical procedures the principles you would inculcate."

PRICE \$2.00 NET. AT ALL BOOKSTORES. POSTAGE EXTRA

**E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**